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THE RIVIERAN HOLIDAY: KING CARNIVAL AT NICE

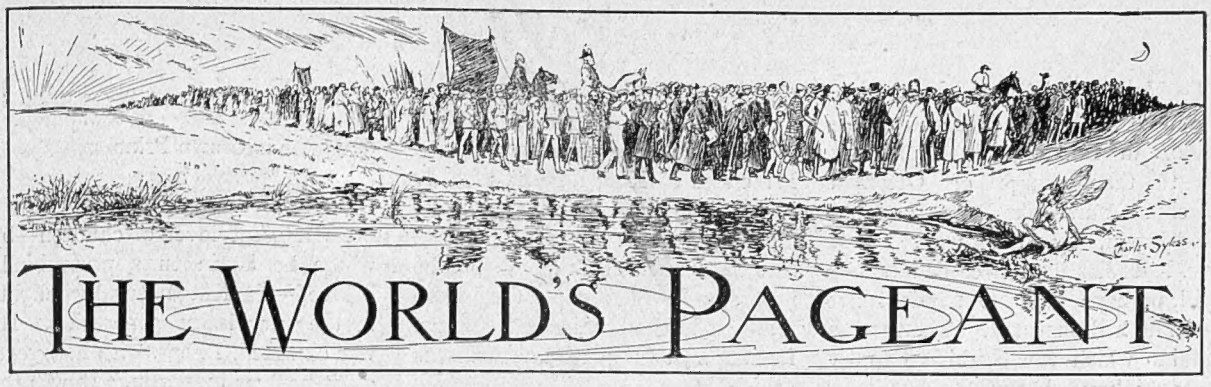
His Majesty King Carnival XXXVII. attracted crowds to Nice from all the Côte d'Azur on Sunday week, when the great procession took place amid the accustomed effusions of gaiety on the part of the masqueraders and the populace. The King was given wings to represent a "flying man," and held aloft an electric lamp and below a candle, as a further evidence of his absolute modernity

To Grace a Stricken Throne?

KING MANUEL OF PORTUGAL

Who, it is announced, is to marry Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the late Duke of Edinburgh's youngest and only unmarried daughter, and a niece of King Edward. Rumour has, of course, already been generous in giving the Princess in marriage—to Prince Arthur of Connaught among the others

PRINCESS BEATRICE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA



THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The King's Health

His Majesty's health, to which so many hearty glasses have been raised of late, no doubt requires some little care just now. The late days of an English winter find us all out of sorts, and Kings and Princes are not spared. Those who have watched the King rather closely are of opinion that he did a very plucky thing in going to Berlin, for, apart from the fact that he was liable to increase the cold which he already had, his nervous system has been a good deal run down since last December. It is thought that his month at Biarritz will completely set him up. After Biarritz his Majesty, in all probability, will go for a month's cruise through Mediterranean waters with the Queen, and call upon friendly Sovereigns on the way.

* * *

A Royal "Week-End" Residence?

The people of Brighton, it goes without saying, were delighted that his Majesty decided on honouring them with another week-end. A wish is being widely expressed that a *pied-à-terre* should be acquired for week-ending purposes for the King on the South Coast. The region in which most sunshine falls in England, according to Sir Victor Horsley, who has made it his business to find out, is on the stretch of coast between Worthing and Shanklin. The former, as English seaside resorts go, boasts a very mild climate. Figs grow there in the open in summer, and there are miles of glass conservatories hard by the seashore in which flowers are a growing and a blowing all the year round. The country, inland, is on the verge of the Weald of Sussex, a charming land in which to motor at one's ease, and a neighbourhood in which are some of the agreeable and beautiful seats belonging to the King's friends. And Brighton itself is near by, a little overrun with tourists perhaps, but so completely in touch with the world as to be immensely convenient to a monarch at leisure.

QUEEN AMELIA KING ALFONSO KING MANUEL

Youthful (and Cheery) Royalty: Their Majesties of Spain and Portugal Mirthfully Foregather

It is pretty generally suspected that at the recent meeting of King Alfonso and King Manuel at Villa Viçosa, the absorbing topic of conversation between the two young Kings was that of matrimony. The Portuguese monarch's reported coming marriage with King Edward's pretty niece, Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, would, if true, and in view of family relationships, be a very interesting subject for talk

World-Power by Marriage:

The Near East Again

Rifaat Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador in London, who is leaving us to take charge of Ottoman foreign affairs—like Baron Komura in Japan, by the way, whom Mr. Kato has just succeeded here—will, perhaps, find his hands fuller than he had expected. The turn to affairs which the Turkish Cabinet changes have brought about, are, of course, liable to upset the little financial deal with Bulgaria, so cleverly hit upon by Russia. King Ferdinand has, naturally, taken advantage of the situation to beg once more for the Powers' recognition of his country's independence. Why don't they give it? Bulgarian independence is undoubtedly a fact, and no harm would be done in recognising it. Indeed, the little courtesy would, probably, by pleasing Bulgaria, remove a dangerous brand from the Near Eastern pyre, to which the match is now again so perilously near—brought there largely by the machinations of Vienna. How much longer will little Servia's temper stand the irritating provocations of her big neighbour?

* * *

Our Royal House in Europe

If one more niece of King Edward has been asked to mount a throne, it will quite follow the modern way of things. Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha is one of the many grand-daughters of Queen Victoria who has not shunned the onus of Royalty nor feared to attempt the mitigation of the dis-ease of those who wear a crown. Portugal is an ebullient country, fighting its way from the somewhat worn traditions of its splendid past towards higher ideals. But the daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, once our sailor Prince, and of Marie of Russia, will not lack courage or knowledge of life. King Manuel would be lucky in such a helpmeet, and it is possible that the close ties of Princess Beatrice to such States as Russia, Germany, and England may act as a sedative influence on the more excitable and revolutionary people of Portugal. In these days, the consort of a King has great opportunities in regard to the amenities of Courts and countries. These chances have been made uncommonly good use of lately among the families to which the Princess belongs.

An Ever-Widening Influence

Indeed, it is owing in no small measure to the marriages of the Princesses of King Edward's family that his influence is now so paramount in Europe. Paris used to call him the "uncle of Europe," but he now stands in many other close relations to the Continental Crowns. In Russia, the beautiful Tsarina is the daughter of the equally beautiful Princess Alice; in Norway, the Queen is, of course, daughter of Edward VII.; in Spain is his charming niece, whose youth was spent in the Isle of Wight; in Roumania, another niece—a daughter of the Duke of Coburg; and in Sweden the Duke of Connaught's daughter is Crown Princess.

Rifaat Pasha
Turkish Ambassador in London, who has just joined the new Ottoman Cabinet as Foreign Minister

DIPLOMATS GOING AND COMING

Mr. Kato
The new Japanese Ambassador to St. James's, who last week presented his credentials to the King, on the same day that Rifaat Pasha presented his letters of recall

* * *

One More Generation of Amity

As a great lover of children—by whom he is, in turn, proverbially beloved—the King naturally delights in the very latest generation. He was charmed, I hear, with his great-great-nephew in Berlin. It was the first time he had met Prince William of Hohenzollern, but they were "pals" at once. Babies have no shyness in the presence of the King, who is so genial and so easy with those about him. It was only a few weeks ago that his Majesty, staying in a country house with the Queen, consented solemnly to open a new doll's house for the little grand-daughter of his host. "Come on, King! Be quick!" said the mite, appearing, gold key in hand, at the hour when the "opening" was to take place; and "come on" the King did.

* * *

Princesses and Shopping

A correspondent sends a few hints of what some of the crowned relatives of the King like to buy in Paris. The Tsarina cares only too little for dress, and orders rarely in Paris nowadays, although she will sometimes send M. Worth a piece of the well-known matchless silver brocade woven in Moscow looms to make up for her. She has, on the other hand, a passion for tapestries and old prints, and of these buys largely in the Gay City. The Crown Princess of Roumania, who boasts a dressmaking genius of her own, pins her faith to the cutters and milliners of Bucharest; but every now and again she sends for Paris evening gowns. Her sister, Princess Beatrice of Coburg, has *carte blanche* given her by her mother to buy in Paris; but the greatest favourite in the world of *couturières* is the Grand Duchess Cyril of Russia, who not only orders lavishly, but wears her clothes in smarter fashion than any living Royalty. Royalty, of course, loves to shop in Paris. Queen Alexandra, who, by the way, is an economical dresser, gets all her things there, except her tailor-made suits, and so did the Princess of Wales at one time, but she now votes for English materials only, and sees that they *are* English. These she has made up by an Anglo-German

King Edward as Europe's Monarch-in-Law

(1) Russia—The Tsarina (*née* Princess Alice of Hesse), Niece. (2) Sweden—The Crown Princess (*née* Princess Margaret of Connaught), Niece. (3) Roumania—The Crown Princess (*née* Princess Marie of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha), Niece. (4) Norway—Queen Maud, Youngest Daughter. (5) Spain—Queen Victoria Eugénie (*née* Princess Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg,) Niece

NEAR RELATIVES OF HIS MAJESTY WHO OCCUPY, OR WILL OCCUPY, EUROPE'S THRONES

The Man Russia Will Never Forget

dressmaker, who lives not a hundred miles away from Marlborough House. The Queen, like Queen Victoria before her, owns a special loom for the making of her silk stockings. One Parisian glover has a rather curious little order placed with him by her. It is of 600 francs a year for gloves that cost but 4 francs each.

* * *

The Kaiser in Bond Street

Queen Elena of Italy is a generous shopper, and quick to decide always on gaily coloured things. Her mother-in-law, Queen Margherita, is also expansive in dress ideas, and is apt to change her mind very often as to the style and cut of her clothes. The German Crown Princess placed a big order a few months ago with a leading firm that owns a house in London as well as Paris. Besides spending some thousands on Directoire frocks, the Princess ordered £3,000 worth of sables on the same occasion. She was delighted with her frocks when they reached her, but not more so than with some pink evening garments made by a real live English dressmaker. These the Kaiser, without mentioning the subject to anyone, ordered for her in Bond Street when last he was in London.

* * *

A Red Romanoff

The death of the Tsar's oldest uncle, the Grand Duke Vladimir, has reminded the rest of Europe of what Russia, at all events, will never forget. The Sunday massacre of the mob outside the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg, however necessary it might have appeared to the Grand Ducal mind, sent a shudder of horror through the rest of the world. Those terrible days were smirched with nothing more ghastly than the blood of "Red Sunday," and "Vladimir Day" did more almost than anything to fan the popular hatred of the Romanoffs. Humanity aside, it was a false political move even from the Grand Ducal point of view, for you cannot stay the march of a great popular movement by shooting down unarmed people. The late Grand Duke plumed himself as the "Saviour of the City" by a deed which his friends, of course, have tried to whitewash. But, by that deed alone, he really helped to bring about the Constitution he so much hated, and so savagely resisted.

A Romanoff and his Work

The late Grand Duke Vladimir, who died last week, and the scene after the work of "Red Sunday" in St. Petersburg, when, as Military Chief of the Russian capital, he ordered the never-to-be-forgotten massacre of the mob

* * *

'Mid Snow and Ice

The "world" is beginning to crowd back to Town just now, but Society still has to regret the absence of the wife of the Prime Minister. Of course, the well-known political hostesses, Lady Londonderry and the other rather serious Party people, are giving their usual entertainments, but the lighter side of the warfare of "ins" and "outs" is somewhat neglected. In the meantime, Mrs. Asquith is having the best possible time 'mid the Swiss snows. Unfortunately, the cause of her visit to Montana is to be found in the delicate health of her step-daughter, Miss Violet Asquith, to whom she is devoted. This young girl, who is fully dowered with the cleverness of her clever family, needs the bracing atmosphere of the mountains, and thus, for the moment, London is denied one of it pleasantest hostesses.

* * *

Modern Corybantics

Mrs. Asquith, who has been so enthusiastic an admirer of the pseudo-classic dancing which has flourished of late, may regret not being in Town to applaud Miss Allan's return, and, perhaps, to welcome Miss Alice Crawford in her adaptation of the Salome dance to the requirements of Mr. Tree's reproduction of *The Dancing Girl*. This modernising of the scene in which the Duke of Guisebury's friend is surprised by her Calvinistic papa is the one touch, in a somewhat old-fashioned play, which delighted all parts of the house on the first night.

Militant Womanhood—In Two Styles

FERVENTLY POLITICAL: Suffragists, at Westminster, Celebrate the Opening of Parliament in the usual style. (Usual number of arrests)

Last Thursday the Suffragettes were at it again. They attempted to "rush" Downing Street (as per above), but were frustrated by the police, and a score or so, including Mrs. Despard, were arrested

USEFULLY PATRIOTIC: "Yeowomen" of the First Aid Yeomanry Corps at Work

Composed entirely of girls and women, the "First Aid Yeomanry Corps" has been established to provide field nurses to act at home in case of need. "Lieutenant" Lady Ernestine Hunt commands one of the troops, recruited for her by "Sergeant-Major" Katie Baker. The courage of these ladies in running the risk of identification with the Salvation Army is highly to be commended

The Re-Dressed Dancing Girl

American Admiration

The cult of the barefoot dance has long been affected by the amateur dancer, but hitherto it has not been done much in public by Society women. Just lately, however, New York has had the opportunity of paying to see the barefoot dancing of Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson. This lady, who is very venturesome, rather startled London Society when she did a wonderful musical *pas seul* with bare feet at a ducal mansion. She did not, for reasons, repeat the experiment, but New Yorkers who can pay—and £100 is the figure accepted (for Charity) by Lady Constance—have the privilege to command such a performance. Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson announces that all money thus received by her shall be devoted to an establishment to be opened for little boys, who shall, under her guidance, ultimately become (principally) athletes.

* * *

The "Cup" That Cheers

The Waterloo Cup coursing has been rich in surprises this year. If the success of favourites makes a brilliant meeting, as some of the betting people think, then the first hour at Altcar were not too happy, for the outsiders romped home in the trials. But, as a matter of fact, the failure of Long Span and the rest, in the courses, did not affect the liveliness of the meeting, which grows more and more popular each year. On the second day, by the way, there was a lack of hares, and hence some little delay—the only hitch in one of the most delightful Waterloo Cup meetings which our generation has seen. The success of Dendraspis after all suited the punters very well, for by the time he beat Such a Sell he was well backed.

* * *

The Beard Peril

A grave problem threatens to face us—the possible revival of the beard. Several households have only recovered from the Invasion scare to be faced with another peril—the appearance on the chins of their lords and masters of suspicious stubbly growths which, in time, assume the awful significance of beards. So far, the whisker has not yet supervened, but the danger lurks. Now the beard is not unpleasant on the elderly man. It is only fair that a chin which has for half a century borne the assaults of the razor should earn a well-deserved rest. But on the chin of youth the beard can, by no argument, be excused. True, coiffure can, by artistic care, mitigate its blatancies, but the bearded youth is, generally, a sluggard, not an æsthete. He is not of the kind which will consciously create a design of beard and live up to it. He has simply "let it grow" to save trouble of mornings. Now, he must be taken in hand by the authorities before it is too late. For a while, perhaps, it will suffice to rely on his honour and patriotism to come in and get shaved on his own accord, but should this fail, drastic steps must be taken to institute some sort of compulsory clipping.

Miss Alice Crawford as Drusilla Ives and Mr. Louis Calvert as David Ives, her Father

A Striking Scene in "The Dancing Girl" at His Majesty's Theatre

One of the "stong situations" in the revival of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play, *The Dancing Girl*, produced by Mr. Tree at His Majesty's Theatre, is that when Drusilla's dance at the Duke of Guisebury's farewell dinner is interrupted by the sudden appearance of the dancer's Calvinistic father, who bitterly curses his beautiful but pagan daughter

The Ear Hospital Matinee

Lady Constance Hatch has proved a great organiser, and thanks to the attractive programme put forward by Mr. Tom B. Davis at the Royal Ear Hospital Matinée, Queen's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, last Thursday, one of the most brilliant audiences ever seen in a theatre (including the King and Queen) was present. Over £500 was secured for seats alone, and about £120 collected by the charming young actresses who sold programmes, flowers, cigarettes, and sweetmeats; Miss Dorrien Keppel heading the list by securing £20. This does not exhaust the benefits to the hospital, as there is an increased demand for the beautiful souvenir, which, although sold for half a guinea, entitles the purchaser to a free sitting at the Urbanora Studios, Wardour Street, and a guinea's worth of photographs free.

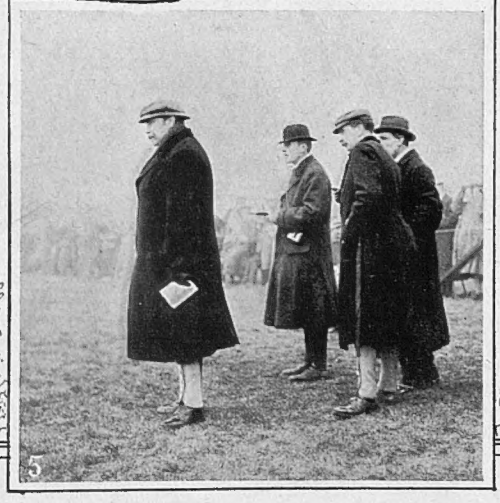
The Waterloo Cup.

Mr. Brice, the Judge

Dendraspis, the Winner

The Immense Crowd Watch the Deciding Course

Messrs. Dennis (and Party) Watch the Final



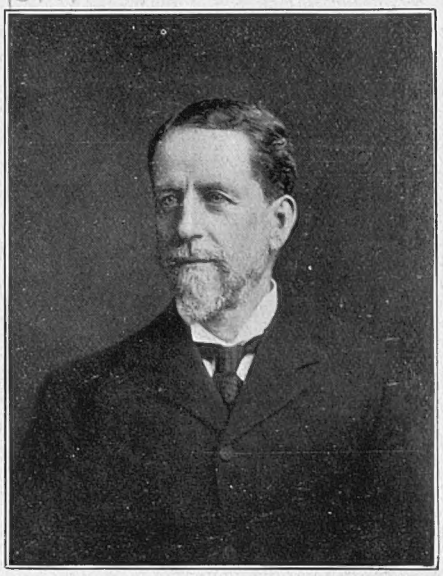
Prominent Visitors: The Earl of Enniskillen, Mr. Butt Miller, the Earl of Sefton, and Lord Cole

The great coursing festival at Altcar last week drew vast crowds to the scene, everybody of importance in the coursing world being present when the Messrs. Dennis's Dendraspis won the Waterloo Cup from Mr. G. Mayall's Such a Sell. The deciding course was contested within fifty yards of the great crowd on the bank

Up Guardians, And At 'Em!

Bumble on his Mettle

The report of the Poor Law Commission, over which the Rt. Hon. Lord George Hamilton so ably presided recommending the abolition of workhouses (and Guardians), has been hailed with universal plaudits. The workhouse was practically our only surviving relic of the reign of that intemperately affectionate monarch, King Harry VIII., but had no other claims to our regard. Though the public are heartily sick of Mr. Bumble and his wasteful extravagance, he is an historical figure, who will be missed by the antiquarian. He feels this, apparently, himself, and is about to put up a substantial fight against suppression, in which I wish him a certain measure of success.



The Killing of the Guardians

Lord George Hamilton, chairman of the Royal Commission on the Poor Law, which so drastically recommends the abolition of workhouses and Guardians. The latter have now declared their intention of fighting for their positions

* * *

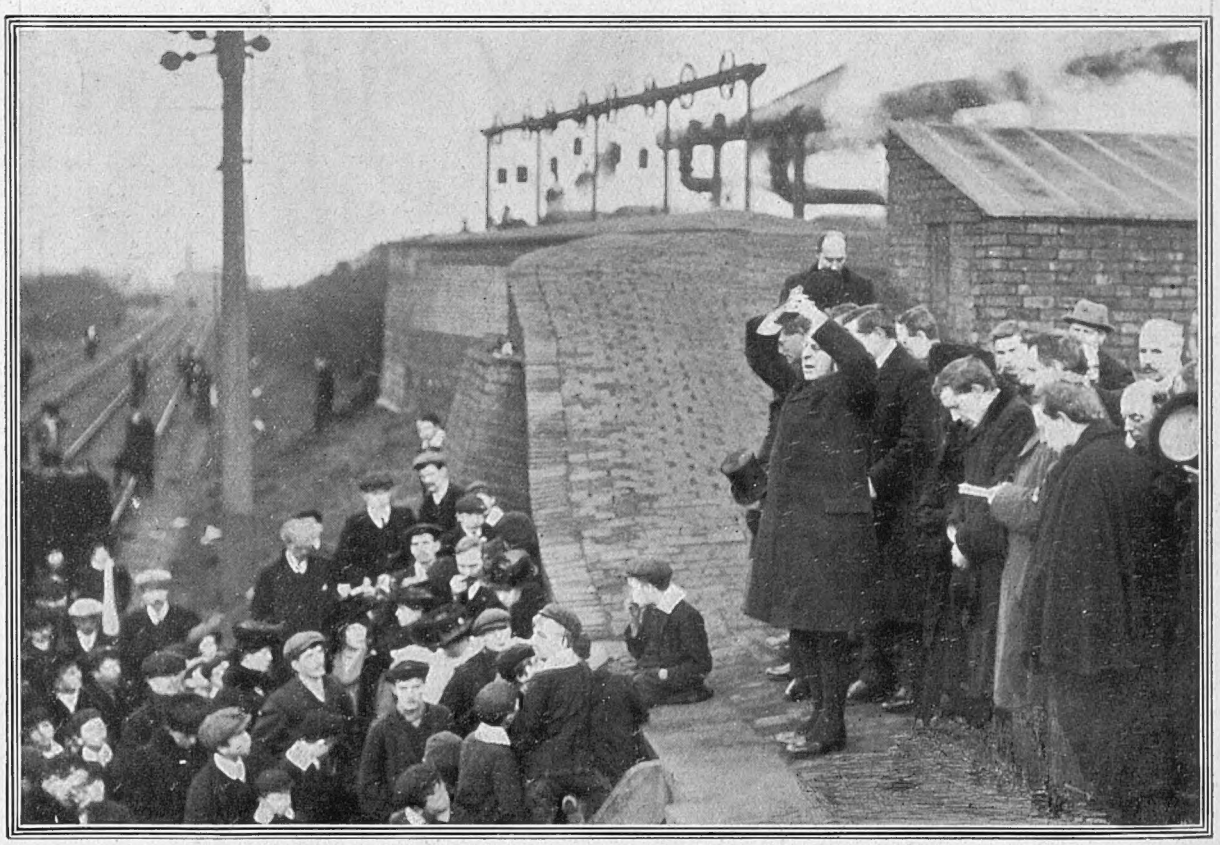
Is Charity Vulgar?

Mansion House appeals on behalf of the unemployed have never had my entire sympathy. The Poor Law Guardians, with their prodigal spending (and big bank overdrafts), we have viewed with the horrified and yet respectful gaze that is accorded by the passer-by to the arrested pickpocket. The Hon. Mrs. Tom's Boot-fund, and Lady Ursula's Bread and Cheese Campaign, have tickled us as to the odd resources of the professionally lethargic. Subscription lists, I insist, are vulgar. The money buys not happiness but demoralisation for the poor. The advertisement of their gifts brings a sickening self-sufficiency to the rich, and self-sufficiency is a sin that it was not thought decent to mention too often in the Scriptures.

* * *

Personal Service in the Slums

To cure a man of his poverty one must get into personal contact with him. It is no good to hand him a bowl of soup and a piece of bread on the Embankment—and leave him *alone*. It would be kinder to shoot him. It is personal service that we want among the poor, men and women of courage and tact, whose very companionship will inspire the despairing and the work-shy. It is unreasonable to denounce the poor man for frittering away the sovereign you gave him, when your own life is one of extravagance, when you spend every hour of your day seeking amusement. A good example is worth a great deal more than a gift of £1,000 to the Convicts' Choral Society.



The Tragedy in the North: The Bishop of Durham Addresses the Grief-Stricken

Heartrending scenes were witnessed after the Durham mining disaster on Tuesday week, by which over 100 men lost their lives. The explosion took place in the West Stanley pit, Durham, and crowds of grief-stricken relations visited the pithead to identify the dead. On Wednesday, Dr. Moule, Bishop of Durham, went to the scene of the disaster and addressed consoling words to the relatives of the victims

"Here's a Health Unto Their Majesties!"

Photo *L.N.A.*

THE ROYAL PROCESSION FOR THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

Not before in the King's reign has the State opening of Parliament drawn such immense crowds, nor have the cheers along the route been so hearty and full-throated. It was a special occasion—the first appearance of their Majesties after a most important visit to Berlin—and that took precedence in people's minds over the actual business upon which the King and Queen were engaged. Through all this brilliant pageant, until the moment when the faithful Commons are summoned, all hearts beat in accord. Then comes the King's Speech, and the merry war of politics breaks out afresh

What Next from Mr. Grayson?

The Session Opens

The opening of Parliament was desperately dull. In accordance with his regular custom, the King, without undue fatigue, went through the tiring ordeal. The regularity with which his Majesty attends to these State functions is one of the most noteworthy features of the reign. After so many years of opening by deputy, the touch of colour and pageantry given by Royalty in person has done much to centre attention on Parliament. The King, furthermore, always reads the Speech himself, though his Majesty has had little to do with its composition. The Speech itself is a sort of calm after many storms. The Cabinet had evidently agreed to disagree on nine things out of ten. Nothing was said about the misdeeds of the House of Lords. Little was promised to the Labour people or the Irish. The Navy is not to be reduced but increased. Social Reform is to be of a very quiet, administrative order, and we are, above all, to concentrate our attention on finance. Sensible people are all thinking that Mr. Asquith has done a most statesmanlike thing in avoiding heroics. If there is any blood and thunder wanted, he is evidently determined that it shall be provided by others than himself. Possibly Mr. Victor Grayson will oblige Parliament with the necessary pretext for another expulsion. Those who know him well, are aware that the debates of the House have little charm for him, though the dining arrangements are not, in his judgment, half bad. It will be interesting to know what the future of Mr. Grayson will be when in due course he ceases to be Member for the Colne Valley. Perhaps journalism will provide a field for his superfluous energies.

Denunciation

Ribaldry

Sarcasm

SOCIALISM IN THREE FACIAL PHASES

Mr. Victor Grayson's changes of expression while delivering an inflammatory speech to "workers" on Tower Hill last week

* * *

Royal Marriage Rumours

The meeting of the Kings of Spain and Portugal, although of quite a private character, is, nevertheless, interesting. Far from resembling the meeting of two monarchs, it was more like the meeting of two school-boys, who laughed and talked of everything except business. King Manuel is said to have consulted King Alfonso about his marriage with Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg, the youngest daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, and a niece of King Edward, which, although announced, has time yet to be contradicted. The marriage of the young King of Portugal has for some time past been a subject of much preoccupation to Queen Amelie. The King, it is rumoured at Lisbon, is deeply in love with one of the ladies of the Court, and the Queen, knowing his determined character, has been for some time afraid he might be tempted to forfeit the honours he has had cast upon him and contract a morganatic marriage. The Princess his mother would have chosen for him is the elder daughter of the Princess Royal, one of her greatest friends. Although the youngest monarch in Europe, King Manuel is far less boyish than the King of Spain. From a very early age, Queen Amelie taught her sons to think for themselves, and already at fifteen they could reason like men of thirty.

* * *

King Manuel's Bride?

Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha is older than the King of Portugal, and her engagement to Don Alfonso of Orleans has twice been announced, and twice contradicted. She is the girl friend of the Queen of Spain, and spends a great deal of her time at the Spanish Court. It would be a great pleasure, naturally, for Queen Victoria Eugénie to have her greatest friend, if not in the same kingdom, at least in the same peninsula. Like her elder sister, the Crown Princess of Roumania, Princess Beatrice is an artist to her finger-tips, and her beautiful needlework and embroidery has often been exhibited for the cause of charity.

A Great Inventor's Wife

THE HON. MRS. MARCONI—A NEW PORTRAIT

Photo *Rita Martin*

The Hon. Mrs. Marconi, the charming Irish wife of the inventor of wireless telegraphy, was Miss Beatrice O'Brien, the daughter of Baron Inchiquin, and was as popular in Irish Society as she is now in London. She is devoted to outdoor life, and is a perfect horsewoman. Mr. Marconi himself is, of course, of Irish descent

Random Jottings

"Humour made his life a misery" is the startling first line to a skin tonic advertisement. We hope sincerely that no allusion to this page is intended.

* * *

Mysterious Case of Swelled Head.—A miniature dealer advertises a "Head of the German Emperor (enlarged)."

* * *

With an income of £500 a year, a man in Surrey believed himself starving. It is said that the delusion first began to form itself in his mind after he had paid his rates and income-tax.

* * *

Somewhat needless seem the jumps specially arranged for the Territorials competing at the Olympia Horse Show. A visit to *An Englishman's Home* ought to give them all they really need.

* * *

"Eviction Comedy" is the heading of the *Daily News* above a description of how "the police had a very hot time, being nearly blinded by a continuous stream of lime." The local police are asking anxiously what the *Daily News's* idea of a tragedy would be.

* * *

"The father was a steady, sober man, and very religious, but had recently had a bad attack of influenza," said a witness in the Blundell inquest. The observation has a reminiscence about it of "My Grandfather's Legacy"—"a major in the army, but unprincipled," "stout, but superstitious."

* * *

Taxi-cabs were known in China in A.D. 265, said Professor Giles at Cambridge. "A wooden figure with a drumstick struck a blow on a drum at the completion of every li." With the modern motor it is different. At the completion of every lie a human figure endorses the driver's licence.

* * *

From the "Daily Chronicle"

"Bag Trade.—Youth wanted, used to rubbing out Gladstone." He would just come in handy for the General Election, and if he has any experience in rubbing out Churchills and Birrells, why, all the better! Hence, perhaps, the term, well known in the bag trade—"getting the sack."

* * *

Girls are more self-reliant to-day than they were forty years ago, says a well-known actress. So they ought to be—the girls are forty years older. Similarly, the average man of thirty-five knows more trigonometry than the child of six. (Special.)

LAWSON WOOD'S WEATHER FORECASTS—No. V

VERY WILD AND STORMY, CAUSING GREAT INCONVENIENCE IN EXPOSED POSITIONS

A Rooseveltian Rule of Three

Mr. R. J. Cunningham, Mr. Roosevelt's scout in his African tour, has announced that, while in the wilds, he allows his whiskers to grow luxuriantly. Will Mr. Roosevelt do the same?

As This—
(Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Roosevelt's scout in his African tour, in ordinary life)

—Is to This—
(Mr. Cunningham while on an expedition)

—So is This—
(President Roosevelt in ordinary life)

A Pictorial Prophecy

We venture to draw Mr. Frank Richardson's attention to a pictorial prophecy on this page of President Roosevelt should he follow the custom of his noted guide, Mr. R. J. Cunningham, who on an expedition leaves his razors behind. The President is preparing for his hunting trip with the thoroughness which characterises all his actions. Among his formidable impedimenta is every imaginable weapon for the slaughter of what Mr. Winston Churchill called the cowardly lion, though we believe he is leaving his "big stick" behind.

—TO THIS!!!
(Mr. Roosevelt, as we may expect him to look during his stay in the remote African wilderness)

Razors and Roosevelt

We have reason to think that Mr. Frank Richardson is heartily tired of his whiskers joke. This is a pity, because we are gradually getting to enjoy it. At a recent meeting of "Merrymen," a little gathering of true Bohemians who dine in Edmund Burke's room whenever the "Money Grubber" (hon. secretary) decides that there is sufficient cash in hand, Mr. Frank Richardson was the guest of honour. He was led into the room, and his affrighted gaze fell upon forty men bearded like the Pard. Clarkson had done his worst, and the noted humorist was with difficulty revived.

President Roosevelt's Hunting Trip: "Dinner is Served" in Darkest Africa

The tents purchased for use on Mr. Roosevelt's tour are, it is announced, rot-proof. So, we sincerely hope, will be the accounts of the tour supplied to the papers.

* * *

A Croydon policeman has had his beard and moustache removed so as to catch a bookmaker. The arrest was a close shave, the prisoner, in answer to the charge, denouncing the whole affair as a bare-faced swindle.

* * *

Johnson, the heavy-weight champion, complains of the coldness of the Australians; he hasn't even been asked to box exhibition rounds with local champions. Possibly the young men had seen Tommy Burns's countenance after the great fight, and this has helped to decide them that it was more befitting a British sportsman, and more in keeping with the dignity of gentlemen of tone and position, to adopt a severely distant attitude towards a coloured boxer.

* * *

"We are not bound by the gentlemanly code of good form that obtains in this country," says the Socialist *New Age*. And, so far, none of its readers appears to have contradicted it.

* * *

Education authorities in Ireland maintain that to make Irish compulsory in the new University would injure its interests. This is obvious. If compulsory, every Irishman worthy of the name would resist it with his last breath as an intolerable and degrading injustice imposed upon him by a Saxon oligarchy. A short, sharp Act officially denouncing the language and punishing its study with penal servitude would make it practically universal.

Scene Outside the Admiralty Fifty Years Hence: Lieutenants Studying the Promotion Lists

(Owing to the Admiralty having recently swelled to their full numbers the promotion lists of captains, it is estimated that only 50 per cent. of the lieutenants now serving can reach higher rank)

By E. G. O. Beuttler

We should not too hastily pass judgment on the man in Liverpool who shot his wife in the middle of dinner. His guilt depends entirely on the dinner; for all we know, with the information in our possession, it may only be a simple case of justifiable homicide under extreme provocation.

* * *

Rabbits appear to have as demoralising an effect as horses on those who associate with them. Charged at Kingston with poaching two of these harmless little animals, a man explained that he had trodden on them accidentally and killed them. With a similar paltering with the truth, a workman, found in the possession of rabbits at Windsor some time ago, stated that he had stumbled passing through a wood, and in his fall his hand had clutched the rabbits which had been wandering in that direction. (Two months' hard.)

* * *

A young gentleman detected, in High Holborn, with some rabbits on his arm on one occasion smoothed away all difficulties by mentioning casually that, as he was passing a poulterer's shop, the wind had blown them off a hook, and—to his astonishment—on to his arm. (Six weeks.)

* * *

But something really ingenious was advanced by a well-known character in Dorsetshire the other day; amid a breathless silence he stated that he had gone to sleep near the holes of some rabbits, and three of the infatuated animals had run into his pockets while he was unconscious—and died there! (Sensation.) Young people—beware of rabbits!

DINER À DEUX

[*We are now recommended, for our health's sake, to dance, laugh, whistle, and sing during meals.*]

My bride, I do not grumble that
The dinner is not quite perfection,
Or that within our little flat
The menu will not bear inspection.
The soup may show excess of grease,
I don't object to such a thing,
But please, my very ownest, cease
To sing!

No sign shall 'scape me if the fish
Be over-cooked and somewhat gamy;
It would be farthest from my wish
To let the slightest frown betray me.
The fact that cutlets are half-hot
Shall not bring protest to my glance,
But, sweetheart, I must beg you not
To dance!

I will not mention that the beef
Is princip'lly composed of gristle,
But think not my unspoken grief
Is mitigated by your whistle.
The texture of that apple-pie
Would flabbergast a male giraffe,
But matters are not mended by
Your laugh!

No, angel, I would scorn to growl,
However horrid be my diet,
But e'en that centenarian fowl
I'd like to face in peace and quiet.
The curious meal devised by you
I'll eat, although it make me ill.
But while I dare it, darling, do
Sit still!

Mostyn T. Pigott.

Exactitude

Lady (*on the bank*): "My dear sir, how did you come to tumble in?"
Man (*in water*): "My dear madam, to be frank, I didn't come to tumble in—I came to skate"

BY JOHN HASSALL

CONTINENTAL CHAT

Ready for an Ascent: M. Jacques Faure

Whose "dirigible" voyage from Monaco to Corsica is interesting Riviera visitors

Photo *Fleet Agency*

"Monte's" Ruler Returns

The Prince of Monaco (left), who recently returned to his dominions, amid great popular enthusiasm, after a long absence

"Delighted to see you!": M. Ciro

Monte Carlo's most famous restaurateur in characteristic attitude

Rivieran Activities

Rarely, if ever, has the Riviera known a more brilliant season than that which has now reached its zenith. Everything is humming. The return of Prince Albert, after a somewhat long absence, has given a fillip to our already busy doings at Monte Carlo. His Serene Highness has honoured the Opera with his presence, and was at the first performance of the new piece by M. Raoul Gunsbourg, with a boxful of his friends. M. Gunsbourg is author both of the music and libretto of *Le Vieil Aigle*, as the new opera is called, and it contains much good music. On the first night the Prince invited the composer into his box and congratulated him on the performance. From the Royal box he acknowledged the plaudits of a crowded and enthusiastic audience. The production was quite the musical event of the season.

The Social Round

Pigeon-shooting is in full swing. The Casino is nightly crowded. All the hotels are full. The restaurants are brilliant every night with dinner-parties of well-known people,

"The Princess Alice" (The Prince of Monaco's Yacht)

Where Yachts do Congregate: Well-known Vessels at Anchor in Monaco Harbour

Among well-known yachts visiting the Riviera this season, and anchored in the recently improved harbour, is *The Princess Alice*, the fine steam yacht of the Prince of Monaco. She is the nearest yacht in the above photograph of the harbour

Cannes Polo and Golf: Play and Players

especially Ciro's, which, of course, is *the* restaurant of Monte Carlo, as M. Ciro is *the* restaurateur, and almost a public personage. The stories in existence as to the amount of money made by him during the season fairly take one's breath away. The Monte Carlo visitors include Prince and Princess Batthyany-Strattman, the Earl and Countess of Mar and Kellie, the Earl of Clonmel, Lady Decies, Sir William Ingram, Mr. Anthony Drexel, and Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, jun. Among the yachts in Monaco Harbour is that of the Prince, *The Princess Alice*, a handsome vessel, in which he is wont to make excursions in pursuit of his hobby of oceanography. The Prince, by the way, is not so often in his dominions as he used to be, so that his appearance is quite an event.

Sports and Games

Last week began tennis and croquet tournaments at Mentone, great attractions which are extremely popular, and which draw crowds of well-known people to watch the play, as well as crowds of well-known players. Recent Mentone visitors have been Sir George and Lady White. Cannes, also, has seen much tennis, croquet, and golf, though the chief sporting attraction has been the polo, which Captain E. D. Miller is managing. With such fine players as himself, Lord Ingestre, Lord Shrewsbury, and, before his recent sad bereavement, the Duke of Westminster, the play has been exceedingly good. In Cannes golf, Mr. A. H. Crosfield, M.P., captain of the Club, has been prominent.

(1) **Captain E. D. Miller**
A new photograph of the well-known polo organiser and player taken on the Cannes ground

(2) **Polo in Progress at Cannes**
Very good polo is being played at Cannes, and some of the best English players, such as Lord Shrewsbury and Lord Ingestre, have been in evidence

(3) **Mr. Arthur Crosfield, M.P. (left), at Cannes**
Captain of Cannes Golf Club, the season of which is now in full swing

Aeronautics

M. Jacques Faure made his second ascent at Monte Carlo recently, in a balloon of 520 cubic metres. The wind was blowing fresh from the sea, and to prevent his being immediately carried to the mountains, M. Faure had himself towed some little way out before letting go. Finally, the aeronaut rose to a height of close on 8,000ft., and landed eventually on the military road near the foot of La Turbie. Mr. Singer followed him in an automobile, and brought him back to Monte Carlo. M. Faure's dirigible balloon is expected, as I write, for his experiments. The French Government placed a torpedo boat at the aeronaut's disposal for his attempt to cross from Monaco to Corsica.

Carnival Revels at Nice

At Nice, of course, the carnival has been the great attraction. As a spectacle it was quite equal to any previous carnival, and it has left an impression of gaiety not yet forgotten. King Carnival himself was nothing if not up to date. In fact, a mere aeroplane was too old-fashioned for him, so he appeared as a flying man, with gigantic wings. He was clad in a costume displaying the American colours, and looked as regal as possible in these peculiar circumstances. Madame Carnival rode a donkey. The first Sunday—always the most enjoyable—was a brilliant day. Everything then is so fresh and new. For two and a half hours street and avenue were crowded with merrymakers in all

A Palace "Creature" as Turkish Premier

sorts of costumes of all kinds of colours. The *cortège* passed amid a perfect babel of music and laughter and a pandemonium of gaiety, in which all classes, levelled by the universal domino, mixed happily. The people in the windows—good places to be in during Carnival—flew "serpentines," which curled over the heads of the crowds surging below and caught in the trees. The chief spectator of the fun was the King of the Belgians, who watched the procession from his motor-car.

Confetti, Music, and Illuminations

Of the fourteen quaintly gorgeous cars, the most quaint and gorgeous, perhaps, was a structure in the form of a tremendous white elephant, with a howdah of gold. The musicians surrounding King Carnival and his Queen were clad in costumes of crimson satin. Among the cavalcade was a group of judges, whose scarlet robes gave one more vivid touch of red to a scene already splashed lavishly with that bright colour. And so, amid noise and confetti, music and laughter and dancing, colour and hilarity, and, at night, when the fête was repeated, with innumerable illuminations, King Carnival's first Sunday was passed in whole-hearted joy.

Photo] **Turkey's New Grand Vizier** [*E.N.A.*

Hussein Hilmi Pasha, who, although raised to power by the "Young Turks," has long been a "creature" of the Sultan

The New Grand Vizier

Hilmi Pasha, who was Minister of the Interior before he stepped so suddenly into Kiamil Pasha's shoes, is a very able man. He has, however, been a partisan of the old *régime* and a confidant of the Sultan, but, fortunately for the Committee, which is lacking in able and practical men, Hilmi Pasha followed the example of some of our own politicians and joined the Party in power. Will he be as great a Grand Vizier as his predecessor has been? We shall see.

Kiamil Pasha's Fall

Even before Parliament opened, Kiamil Pasha's fall was expected and plotted for daily, and it required the sagacity and marvellous shrewdness of the Turkish Bismarck to keep his power as long as he did. Kiamil Pasha was a most determined and daring statesman, and one of the most interesting personalities in Turkey. As he drove down to the Selamlik, seated in front of his august Sovereign, with his bent back and tired-looking face, the question would naturally suggest itself as to how so venerable a man could cope with the arduous affairs of such a country as Turkey in its present state. But in his own home the man is a different being. The aged look disappears, and, in spite of his four score and five years, his step is as jaunty as that of a man half his age.

Octogenarian Energy

He told me he never required more than three hours' rest, and, if work necessitated it, he would forego even that. The night before the opening of Parliament he gave a big dinner-party, and while discussing politics over the coffee, the congratulatory telegram arrived from the House of Commons. "Ah!" exclaimed the Grand Vizier with fervour, "England is indeed our friend!" A little later I was talking to Kiamil Pasha about the rôle Englishwomen played in British politics. Our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of one of the Sultan's aides-de-camp with an important document requiring the Grand Vizier's immediate attention. Although the business lasted over a quarter of an hour, he returned and concluded our conversation. His guests, I am sorry to say, remained till very late, but our host informed me that his duties necessitated his remaining up all night. The ex-Grand Vizier is very abstemious. He drinks water and plenty of Mocha, and eats not meat but vegetables. Like many other Turkish diplomatists, his conversation is extremely discreet. He volunteers no information, but replies courteously to all questions.

The Domestic Circle

Kiamil Pasha's family circle is a very happy one. His house is palatial in size and splendour. He has had sixteen sons, of whom thirteen are now living, and three daughters, their ages ranging from five to forty-five. Like all Moslems, he considers it a duty and a pleasure to provide for all the relatives who care to place themselves under his protection. His daughters are accomplished linguists and musicians. His favourite son, Said Pasha, is one of the Sultan's aides-de-camp, and, at the age of twenty-three, as a reward for his father's services, he was made a Rear-Admiral by the Sultan.

A Blow to British Influence

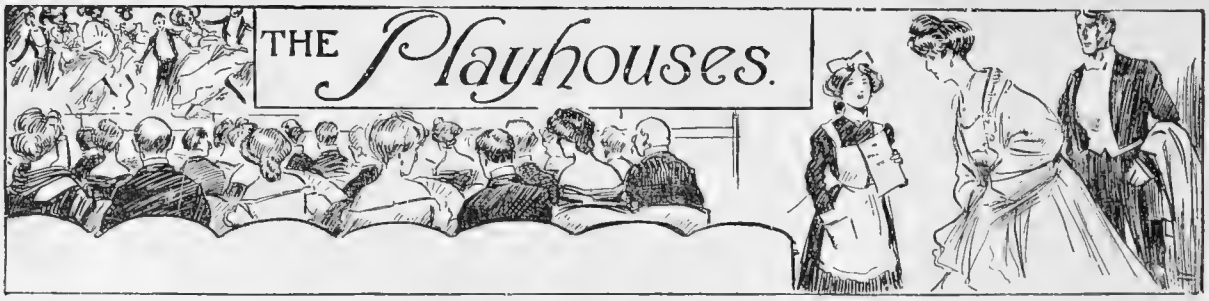
Alas! the *régime* of this great man is over, and with it must go something of Britain's influence in Turkey. It is not for me to criticise his home policy. He was not progressive enough for the all-powerful and inexperienced Committee of Union and Progress, but his long life and chequered career have taught him a wise discretion the Committee might have followed to their advantage. With all his caution, Kiamil Pasha had the courage of his opinions. Though far from being a partisan of the old *régime*, he found it necessary to denounce the Committee as illegal. Unfortunately, he then threw in his lot with the Liberals, and this brought about his downfall.

Rivieran Revels

NICE ENJOYS ITS THIRTY-SEVENTH CARNIVAL

Photo *Topical Agency*

With its wonted gaiety, the Carnival at Nice duly came off on Sunday week, with the time-honoured procession of cars and mascarades, which passed through the avenues and streets amid a pandemonium of noise. The crowds, the music, and the confetti were all up to—and even above—the average



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

KINGSWAY THEATRE

"The Truants"

It is not often that one has to take issue with a dramatist for giving us too generous a measure, yet such is one's painful position towards Mr. Wilfred T. Coleby. His new play positively bristles with story. Now, a play may be full of incident and yet tell but one story. In *The Truants* there are two plots quite distinct from each other. The dramatist tries bravely to work them both into the bill, but he fails, for the reason that he is attempting the impossible. Plot and sub-plot—yes. Two plots—no.

It looks rather as though Mr. Coleby, having finished his play, had come to the conclusion that the rôle assigned to Miss Lena Ashwell was rather thin, and thereupon had attempted to bolster it up by weaving a story around the character.

Whether or not this surmise be correct, Freda Saville, author and traveller, has a story all to herself, which is the least interesting portion of the play, and has no bearing upon the truants themselves. She has a "past," which occurred during a siege in a "little war" upon the Indian frontier. No blame attaches to her, for she married in good faith, but she masquerades as a girl whereas she is the mother of little Jack Carstairs. The situation leads to little beyond a good emotional scene between mother and child when Lord Strelland appears to part them.

Bill, Pamela, and Freda

The main theme of the play concerns the relations between Bill Chetwood and Pamela Grey. Bill is a real human character, acted to perfection by Mr. Dennis Eadie. He is a sportsman gee-loving and g-less. He is headstrong, wilful, intractable. He requires as delicate handling as the worst-tempered of the brutes he rides. He won't be pushed into marrying Pamela, and because Freda and his brother Dick make an egregious mistake in their handling of him, he jibs in the worst way.

The tussle between Bill and Freda over the marriage question constitutes the best and most vital element in the play. The dialogue is terse, inspiriting, and to the point. This is no vapid conversation, but talk which reveals the characters of the speakers. After this battle of words we feel we know Bill and Freda intimately. They are both strong characters, and it gives us keen mental pleasure to hear them pitching into each other.

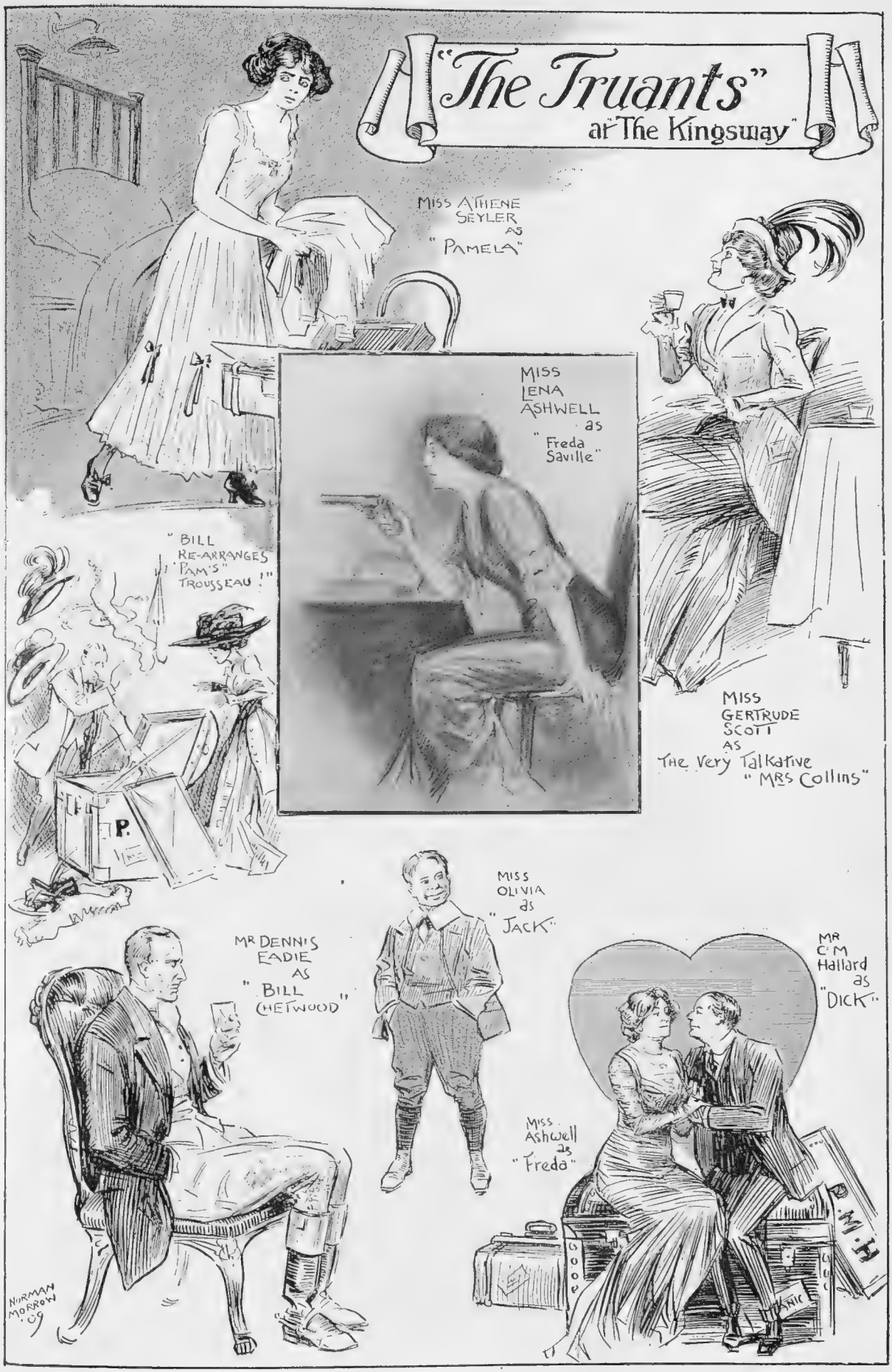
Photo *L.N.A.*

Mr. George Grossmith

Who is gracefully retiring after what he terms genially a "long innings." Mr. Grossmith has his own special niche in the Temple of Fame. As an entertainer he has no rival, and popular is too hackneyed a phrase to be applied to him. By the thousands for whom he has provided such healthy, happy amusement for so many years he is beloved

Morality, Old and New

Freda's early indiscretions of thought have returned to roost. After the bad smash in her life, she becomes a thinker of the most advanced type. She has written a book to express her iconoclasm. Then she falls in love, and her world changes. She grows to loathe not only the ideas which formerly she expressed with such savage gusto, but also the effect they have had upon the precocious Pamela. When she advocates good old-fashioned morality, Bill rends her for a "turncoat."



BY NORMAN MORROW

Stage Celebrities Daringly Caricatured

In vain she exploits the religious trend of thought to which love has brought her. Her relentless opponent in debate says that since her engagement she has become mawkish. Bill expounds admirably his own point of view. He is the natural man, who scrapes up a very convenient code of morality from the Old Testament. To the old Pamela he would have proposed marriage, but to the new Pamela, infected by Freda's former free-thinking doctrines, he proposes a journey abroad with him unfettered by the marriage tie. And she is quite agreeable.

A Frustrated Elopement

In a scene full of humour the elopement is planned. But Freda is as determined as the truants, and she is even prepared—after counting a warning five—to shoot Bill Chetwood. He knocks up her arm just as she fires, and when the affrighted inmates of the house crowd into the room, Bill is prepared with his story of a mythical burglar who has that moment jumped out of the window. It is an ingenious trick, and was much relished by the audience. In the end, of course, the truants are made to see the error of their ways, and Bill, protesting to the last, but not quite able to conceal his real satisfaction, is led to the altar.

A Clever Young Actress

The play, uneven as it is, is full of good points, and affords the principal trio fine opportunities of acting. More than that, it introduces to us a young actress, Miss Athene Seyler, who should progress in her profession by leaps and bounds. She is full of temperament, and possesses that *diablerie* for lack of which so many English actresses remain mediocrities. When Pam makes her entrance, a most objectionable busybody and gossip, Mrs. Collins, is in the room. Pam pulls a face behind Mrs. Collins's back. That one little bit of "business" alone would have revealed the cleverness of Miss Seyler to any student of acting. Pam's whole attitude of dislike was suggested in the most subtle manner possible. One cannot pay her a higher compliment than to say that she belongs to the school of Marie Tempest.

Clever little Miss Olivia was exceedingly bright and amusing as Jack Carstairs. Not only has the child to play scenes of sentiment, but has a good deal of comedy, both with Pamela and with her maid.

Sir Squire Bancroft
By Puck

At the Baillie Gallery much amusement has been caused by caricatures of English stage celebrities. The examples on this page prove that the artists have allowed their humour wider range than is usual

Mr. Forbes Robertson
By Ospovat

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

"The Dancing Girl"

This revival is curiously interesting. It shows us how far we have progressed since the days of soliloquies, wicked dukes, erring maidens, grief-stricken fathers, young men with tender consciences, and the like. But it also shows that, however the form of drama may change, the heart of it remains the same. No longer do years elapse between the acts of a modern play. The action generally takes place in the course of twenty-four hours. But it is the same instinct which enables a man to produce dramatic effects from the clash of temperaments. *The Dancing Girl* contains scenes which will always appeal to the emotions of the populace. The last act has been rewritten, and sends the audience home happy.

There was a lack of grip about Mr. Tree's performance which will disappear after he has had a rest from the cares and burden of the production. Of the newcomers, Miss Marie Löhr, as the crippled Sybil Crake, created the most favourable impression. She played the rôle with rare sympathy. Miss Alice Crawford, outwardly, was a satisfactory Drusilla Ives, but the inner fires seemed to die down at times.

PLAYS WITH A PURPOSE

While we have been regaled with the everlasting sex question, the American and Continental drama has concerned itself much more broadly with grave social and political and national questions. Mr. Charles Klein, whose play with a financial motif, *The Lion and the Mouse*, was much less successful in England than it deserved to be, has taken the notorious "Third Degree" as a subject upon which to base not only thrilling situations, but to point a strong moral. The "Third Degree" is a method employed by the American police to extract confession from a prisoner. It is a species of torture, which preys upon the mind of the unhappy prisoner almost as the methods of "the Inquisition" preyed upon the bodies of the victims. A striking scene from this strong police play is pictured on pp. 390 and 391. E. C. S.

A Modern "Samson" at the Garrick

OVERWHELMS HIS ENEMY BY PULLING DOWN THE PILLARS OF FINANCE

Brachard Rough-handles his Enemy, Le Govain

The great scene in the play is the luncheon at which Brachard (ex-dockyard hand), who has become a great capitalist, ruins Le Govain by forcing down the Egyptian copper market. The "dockie" comes out strongly in Brachard, and he almost chokes the life out of the would-be betrayer of his wife's honour

Miss Marie Illington — Mr. Kenneth Douglas — Mr. Arthur Whitby

Photos **The Modern Son: "Bless you, my Children!"** *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Kenneth Douglas is responsible for most of the comedy of the play He is a modern young "blood," who haunts Maxim's and treats his father and mother as though they were children in worldly matters

Plays With a Purpose : American D

Photo

"THE THIRD DEGREE" AT TH

"The Third Degree" is a method employed by the American Police to extract confession from a prisoner. It consists of brutal cross-examination and "traps" laid for the unhappy victim. Mr. Charles Klein, whose purpose la as a motif was not nearly so successful in g

...ma Scourges Notorious Police Methods

Topical Agency

HUDSON THEATRE, NEW YORK

...lay, "The Lion and the Mouse," with finance ...gland as it deserved to be, has found dramatic material in yet another strong and vital question of the day. The success of "An Englishman's Home" may lead to other subjects being dealt with besides the eternal question of sex

Gladys of the "Gay Gordons"

Photo *Rita Martin*

MISS GLADYS ARCHBUTT

Who is touring in Mr. Seymour Hicks's "The Gay Gordons" Company as Peggy Quainton, the rôle originally played by Miss Ellaline Terriss at the Aldwych Theatre

The "Bystander" Series of Short Stories

"CHUP!"

By ARMIGER BARCLAY and OLIVER SANDYS

"MAY I come in?" asked Mrs. Gillespie at the door, her face full of excitement strongly tempered with hope.

Christine Roche, who was having her hair brushed by her ayah, nodded.

"You can go, Mootima," she said.

Mrs. Gillespie sauntered to the bed, and sat there possessing her soul in patience until the ayah had effaced herself. Then she looked at Christine steadily.

But Christine's face told her nothing.

"Want half an hour's chat, Noddie?" she asked, with affected indifference, taking up her brush and swishing it leisurely through her long hair.

"You know I do," was Mrs. Gillespie's impatient response.

"About Captain Marriot, I suppose?"

"Yes. Did he——?"

Christine deliberated the terse question while she carefully parted the mosquito curtains and got into bed. Her unbound hair, doubly dark against the whiteness of her nightdress, fell about her like a sable cloak, imparting a touch of tragedy to her appearance. The look she gave Mrs. Gillespie was one of devoted affection.

"Why do you do all this for me, Noddie?" she said, parrying the question. "You know perfectly well I'm not the sort—I ought to be."

"Bosh!" derided Mrs. Gillespie. "Who is?"

Christine clasped her hands round her knees.

"You know," she burst out, "I've no right to marry him. . . . Yes, he did ask me to-night. And I—I was fool enough to say I'd give him my answer to-morrow. You see, Noddie, I was weak enough to want to think about it. But it's no good. I shall tell him what I have told the others—that it's impossible."

Mrs. Gillespie shook herself impatiently.

"Look here, Christine, wasn't it you yourself who told me to forget and be chup? And I tell you now, that because one man acted like a brute to you, there's no reason why you should give happiness the go-by. *You're* not the sinner—you're the sinned against. Besides, not a soul need know in Burrapoor, or out of it."

Christine's great eyes were filled with longing.

"I'd give the whole world——" she began, and then broke off. "Heavens, I'm going to be emotional! Trot off, Noddie, dear."

Mrs. Gillespie viciously annihilated a mosquito that was sucking blood on the wrong side of the net. Then she leant over and kissed Christine.

"Don't be a fool, dear—and think it over," she whispered kindly, and went softly out of the room.

According to its lights, Burrapoor had done its duty by Christine Roche. It had subjected her to the severest form of social criticism that an Indian military station is capable of. It had questioned, and then passed, her looks and her raiment; because the former were perfect of their kind, and the latter evinced a taste difficult to quarrel with. It had tried to pick holes in her "form," and failed. Her consanguineous standing—"caste," Burrapoor had at first lightly called it—had stood the test of investigation. The mem-sahibs had turned up their profession of faith in the shape of "Walford's," and found Christine duly labelled therein. Only her record eluded them, and that they had to take for granted because of Mrs. Gillespie.

Criticism in Burrapoor stopped short when it touched Mrs. Gillespie. Not only was she the General's wife, but the undisputed leader of Burrapoor society. And she was responsible for Christine's presence in the station.

The elder lady seemed to have nothing to impart concerning Christine's past. There was no evasion, no attempt to hide anything. She was merely silent in a sphynx-like way—*chup*, as Hindustani has it.

Between the two women there existed a pact—a conspiracy of silence. There had been a time when Mrs. Gillespie, less staid, less worldly, than experience had since made her, had herself been in danger of moral shipwreck. It was ancient history now — long atoned for. And the only other being besides Mrs. Gillespie cognisant of it was Christine, since it was she who had come to the rescue.

The debt had been paid. Christine, in her turn, had endured trials, and with Mrs. Gillespie's assistance surmounted them.

Such was the position of things when Christine had turned up in Burrapoor. Burrapoor had to accept her at her face value. Mrs. Gillespie, able to rely on Christine's discretion, could afford to be indifferent to hostile opinion, which she knew would soon vanish before the girl's attractiveness. She counted with confidence on the Lethean trait inherent in the Anglo-Indian character—the "let-things-rip" spirit that induces avoidance of trouble in a hot climate. She

(*Copyrighted 1909 by Armiger Barclay and Oliver Sandys in the U.S.A.*)

intended Christine to be inevitable—to "tile herself in," in lodge parlance—which meant an eligible marriage under her own dexterous management.

And Christine? She, too, was silent—chup. She was silent about herself and about others, and the touch of care in her dark eyes kept the gup-chattering womenfolk from undue curiosity about her. She was always beautiful, well-turned-out, charming, impenetrable. It was impossible to pump her, and mem-sahibs with marriageable daughters vainly tried to nose out her past. The "spins" themselves made a friend of her, because it was their best policy—the policy of the dogs who eat crumbs.

Christine lay in the darkness, listening to the sounds of the Indian night. The chics were open, but the punka-wallah had not yet taken up his post on the inverted box in the verandah, and not a breath of air came through.

The suggestion that she should "think it over" meant a long wrestle with the rights and wrongs of a problem bearing on the black time that had preceded her advent in Burrapoor. It had happened at a little out-of-the-way station on the plains, where, at the age of sixteen, she had come out to a sister and met the inevitable man with the inevitable result.

Five years had gone by since then, but Christine found herself going through every phase of the bitter calamity with a horrible fidelity of detail. In that hour of maddening wakefulness she lived over again her brief infatuation, and the terrible disillusionment that had followed it. Yet, it was not regret for her own folly so much as impotent rage against the man who was responsible for it that hurt. The recollection of what she had endured because of him seared and burnt her pride. How she hated and despised him! How she regretted every single word of the many letters she had written him in the agony of her abandonment. The terrible injustice of it all was uppermost in her mind. At that moment it was not enough for her that the wound he had inflicted was five years old—not enough that he had passed out of her life, left India, and would never cross her path again—she wanted to see him humbled, crushed as deeply as she had been.

The punka-wallah crept noiselessly to his box, and the hot air stirred the mosquito net. But Christine's racing, raging thoughts kept her awake for hours.

In the morning, when she got up and saw her face in the glass, creamily-pale as ever, she smiled dismally. It was well, she admitted, to be able to hide her real self behind a splendid constitution. She dressed leisurely, ate her *chota haziri* (early breakfast) with accustomed appetite when it was brought in, and by six o'clock was in the saddle and cantering down the powdery yellow road in the direction of the maidan. There she set her horse at a gallop, and the fresh air and the exercise brought a glow to her face and a bright light into her eyes. She felt the keen joy of living; and on the gallop back she met Captain Marriot. She reined in her horse and smiled at him.

"Oh, this is the best part of the day," she cried, exuberantly, suddenly realising that the presence of this one man had made it perfect. "Come, I'll race you!"

Marriot leant over and patted her horse's neck. His eyes were full of meaning.

"And the stakes?" he asked.

Christine took her courage in both hands—and burnt her boats.

"If you win—you can have anything for the asking. If I win—I lose!" she cried, enigmatically. "One, two, three—off!"

Their horses' hoofs made music on the parched turf. They rode with their hearts pounding, and their eagerness seemed to be communicated to the animals. They finished neck and neck, breathless.

"There!" panted Christine. "We've neither of us won. It's a dead heat."

"Christine," he pleaded, "we came in together. Christine!"

She made no answer, only turned her horse's head homewards. All the excitement had died out of her face. She looked suddenly tired.

"Well," demanded Marriot, "what is it to be?"

"Ask," she said faintly.

"I asked you last night."

"I told you last night that there was a reason that made me hesitate in—in saying yes. It isn't because I don't love you. I do. But I think I ought to tell you"—her face grew twisted with pain—"I'm not the sort of girl you think I am—not the sort of girl a man should choose for a wife. I'm— I'm——" Words eluded her.

"You mean you've been engaged before?" he said, trying to help her out, and assuming that she was making mountains out of a molehill, as girls are apt to do.

"No—I don't mean that." She turned in her saddle and faced him squarely. "Can't you see in my face I've been through as much as a woman can bear? Can't you see that I haven't the courage to tell you?"

The blood slowly ebbed from Marriot's face as he caught her meaning.

"Wait a minute," he said, in a strained voice. "Was the—the man free to marry you?"

"He told me so—once."

"But he left you?"

She bowed her head.

They were walking their horses up the road now, and through the trees they could see little Mrs. Gillespie hovering in the verandah.

"Does she know?" asked Marriot, breaking the awful silence.

"Yes," answered Christine, defiantly. "She is my friend."

He caught a glance of her averted face, saw the proudness stealing into it—the pride that was her only refuge, and looking at her he knew that she was a good woman, and that he still wanted her.

They reached the white pillars that marked the entrance to Mrs. Gillespie's compound.

"Christine," he said. "Will you marry me?"

Christine looked at him.

"Yes," she answered, under her breath.

She threw her reins to the waiting syce. Marriot helped her to dismount.

"Come along to breakfast, you two early birds," cried Mrs. Gillespie, running to meet them in a pale blue flutter of muslin and lace. "And tell me what you're both dying to," she added, with a look of sympathetic comprehension at both their faces.

Marriot laughed heartily.

(*Continued on page 396*)

A Beautiful Disproof

OF THE BELIEF THAT DUTCHWOMEN ARE NOT BEAUTIFUL

A TYPE OF DUTCH BEAUTY

In the person of Mlle. Christina Van Dusen, a charming songstress, at present appearing at the Winter Gardens Berlin, in the Lamingson Company

(*Continued from page 394*)

"You've got to help us fix an early date," he said, cheerily. "Christine—has promised."

. . . . . .

The Marriots had been spending the customary afternoon at the club—tennis for Christine, the papers, pegs, and the mail for Marriot. It was not until they were home again that he remembered the letter that had been delivered to him there.

"By Jove, Chris! I clean forgot!" was his exclamation, while he rummaged in his pockets. "Here's a letter. From old Podger. He's coming this evening!"

"Podger? Podger?" repeated Christine, in mystified tones. "Oh, yes; your old school pal. What does he say?"

"He's coming by the 7.50. I must get down to the station to meet him." Marriot's face was flushed with pleasure.

"You never told me he was in India."

"I didn't know myself until the other day. When I did, I sent him a line asking him to come up, and this is the reply. Awfully sorry I forgot to mention it, old girl. You can give him a shake-down, I suppose?" he asked, contritely.

"Of course," she answered, with the easy hospitality of the Anglo-Indian. "I'll give orders at once."

"Then I'll be off."

While Christine gave the necessary instructions for their expected guest's comfort, Marriot superintended the harnessing of the whaler in the dog-cart.

"Back in half an hour," he shouted as he drove off.

Six months of married life had transformed her—made her a girl again. Her five lean years were wiped out, practically forgotten. She worshipped Marriot, and he adored her. They were an example (seldom followed) to all the married couples in the station. Of course, the single women envied Christine for having secured the most eligible bachelor in the place, and had to content themselves with smaller fry. Their consolation lay in the fact that a cavalry subaltern in Burrapoor was preferable to a pedigree curate at home.

Christine smiled again as she watched her husband's disappearing figure. How impulsive he was—how boyish! She loved that trait in his character, and shared his warm-hearted enthusiasm at the prospect of reunion with his best friend. She wondered what he would be like, but felt convinced that she would see him through Marriot's eyes, and approve of him. By all accounts, Podger (she had not heard his Christian name) must be a compendium of all the virtues. Marriot had fagged for him at Wellington, and still felt a touch of the hero-worship that occupation sometimes instils. Christine was quite sure that Podger came next to herself in her husband's estimation, that he was immaculate, a downright good sort.

She scribbled a hasty note asking Mrs. Gillespie to waive ceremony, and come round to dinner and make a *partie carée*, and then went to the guest-room to see if all had been made in readiness. She put one of Marriot's photographs on the dressing-table. She thought it would please Podger. This completed, it was time to go to her own room to dress.

She had not quite finished when there came the sound of the returning dog-cart and Marriot's cheery voice. Another responded to it. Presently the curtains doing duty for door were parted, and Marriot came in.

"Ready, old girl?" he asked. "That's right. Podger's in the drawing-room. Go in and introduce yourself. I've got a chit to answer, and the orderly's waiting. Show Podger his quarters. He'll be glad of a brush-up."

"Well, as it's only 'Podger' I suppose ceremony doesn't matter," laughed Christine, and she went out with a merry smile that was meant to be part of her welcome to the stranger.

It lasted her down the passage and across an intervening room, but in the next doorway it dwindled and froze. Outlined against the light of a standard lamp her eyes had caught the figure of a man, and the man was no stranger. She stood still, holding her breath, looking, waiting.

The man, conscious of another presence in the room, turned sharply, saw her, and advanced with hand outstretched. Then he, too, came to a sudden stop.

"Christine—you!" he exclaimed.

"Don't call me that!" She flung the words at him. "Why are you here? . . . . What brings you to my husband's house—under a false name?"

"I don't follow you," he retorted, flushing angrily. "Do you think if I'd known who Dick had married I'd—— My God! Why didn't you make some excuse—put me off—anything?"

Even in that moment of mental turmoil, it struck her that he had not changed—that he was still the Bristowe of old, incapable of self-abasement.

"Because I didn't know," she flashed back. "I thought 'Podger' was your real name. . . . I see now, it's—it was his nickname for you."

She sank weakly into a chair, despair in her face, listening fearfully for her husband's footsteps. Bristowe's breath was coming in laboured jerks. Panic sounded in it. The seconds dragged. How was she to act? What could she do?

He voiced her thoughts.

"What are you going to do?"

Still listening anxiously, she looked up.

"You daren't tell," he almost threatened. "You'd give yourself away as well."

"I didn't marry—under false pretences," she cried scornfully. "Dick knows everything—except the name. . . . I must make up my mind quickly what to do."

She pressed both hands to her head.

Bristowe almost grovelled before her. His face was ashen.

"Christine, for heaven's sake, say nothing. . . . I'm married. I was married—then. I've got children. I——"

Christine's lip curled.

"I'm not going to consider you," she said, contemptuously. "You don't count. Dick's happiness is all that matters, and—and my duty to him."

Outside in the verandah she heard Marriot instructing the orderly about his chit, then another voice—Mrs. Gillespie's. Bristowe heard them too.

"What are you going to do?" he repeated insistently. "For God's sake, say——"

She broke him off with a gesture of impatience.

"Keep quiet," she whispered. "I'm thinking."

"Think of my reputation, of my——"

"I'm thinking of Dick!" she jerked out.

And Marriot came into the room in the wake of Mrs. Gillespie.

"Ah, you've made friends, I see," he said jovially, laying his hand affectionately on Bristowe's shoulder.

Christine pulled herself together, greeted Mrs. Gillespie, got through the necessary introductions somehow, and hurried her friend into the bedroom.

Mrs. Gillespie's quick eyes had told her that all was not well.

"Something dreadful has happened," were her first words. "What is it, dear?"

Christine told her in short, sharp sentences. Trembling all over, she took hold of her friend's hands in a grip that hurt.

"Tell me," she cried. "Oh, what ought I to do? Am I to tell Dick? His best friend! It—it will break his heart. Next to me, he—he——"

Mrs. Gillespie was thinking fast. All the woman in her made her want to take Christine in her arms and soothe her. But there was only time to act.

"Here! Quick!" she exclaimed. "You're dead white! You must rouge. . . . Not got any?" She tried to laugh. "Ah, you're not fair and forty like me—I have!" She produced a small pink puff from the pocket in her petticoat flounce. "Bring the butti. There!" Holding the lamp, she dabbed the rouge skilfully on Christine's white cheeks. "That'll do. And now act, my girl! Act for all you're worth. Act for Dick's happiness. And——" she seized Christine's hand and parted the curtains for her to pass through—"and *chup!*"

ARMIGER BARCLAY and OLIVER SANDYS.

HOW AMERICA RECRUITS FOR ITS NAVY

Photo] **"Showing the Flag" to Attract Recruits in Fountain Square, Cincinnati** [*Shepstone*

The recruiting difficulty is not quite confined to England. America has its own problem in this direction, and, as usual, is nothing if not go-ahead in trying to solve it. In Cincinnati a naval recruiting station has been established in Fountain Square to catch some of the many leisurely young men who there congregate daily. The whereabouts of the station is advertised by a large flag, shown in the above photograph, the pole of which is attached to one of the trees in the square

By Field, Stream & Covert.

An Important National Question

It is satisfactory to learn that the military authorities are anxious that our officers shall cut a better figure at the International Horse Show at Olympia next June than was the case last year. They are giving encouragement to soldiers in training their horses for the jumping contests, and Britain will probably take a good part in the contest fo the King Edward VII. Cup of £500, a trophy open to teams of all nations, which will be one of the great features of the coming show. In spite of this pleasant promise of the awakening of the War Office to the necessity of effectively meeting foreign competition in horsemanship and jumping, I am afraid that we have not advanced much regarding an infinitely more important matter. I allude to a practical scheme for the national encouragement of horse-breeding. This is surely a vital question, and one which might well be suggested with others by *An Englishman's Home.* This may be the age of the motor-car, but the Transvaal War showed that horses can still be an immense factor in modern warfare. An Empire might be lost for the lack of horses. Where is the £35,000 per annum which we were "semi-officially" told some months back was to be applied to the improvement of our horse supply?

A Leicestershire Notability: "Parson" Seabrook

The "hunting parson" is by no means an extinct figure in modern days, and the Rev. J. Seabrook, familiarly known as "Parson" Seabrook, is well known to Leicestershire. Of this county, indeed, he is *the* "hunting parson"

SKETCHED BY "SNAFFLES"

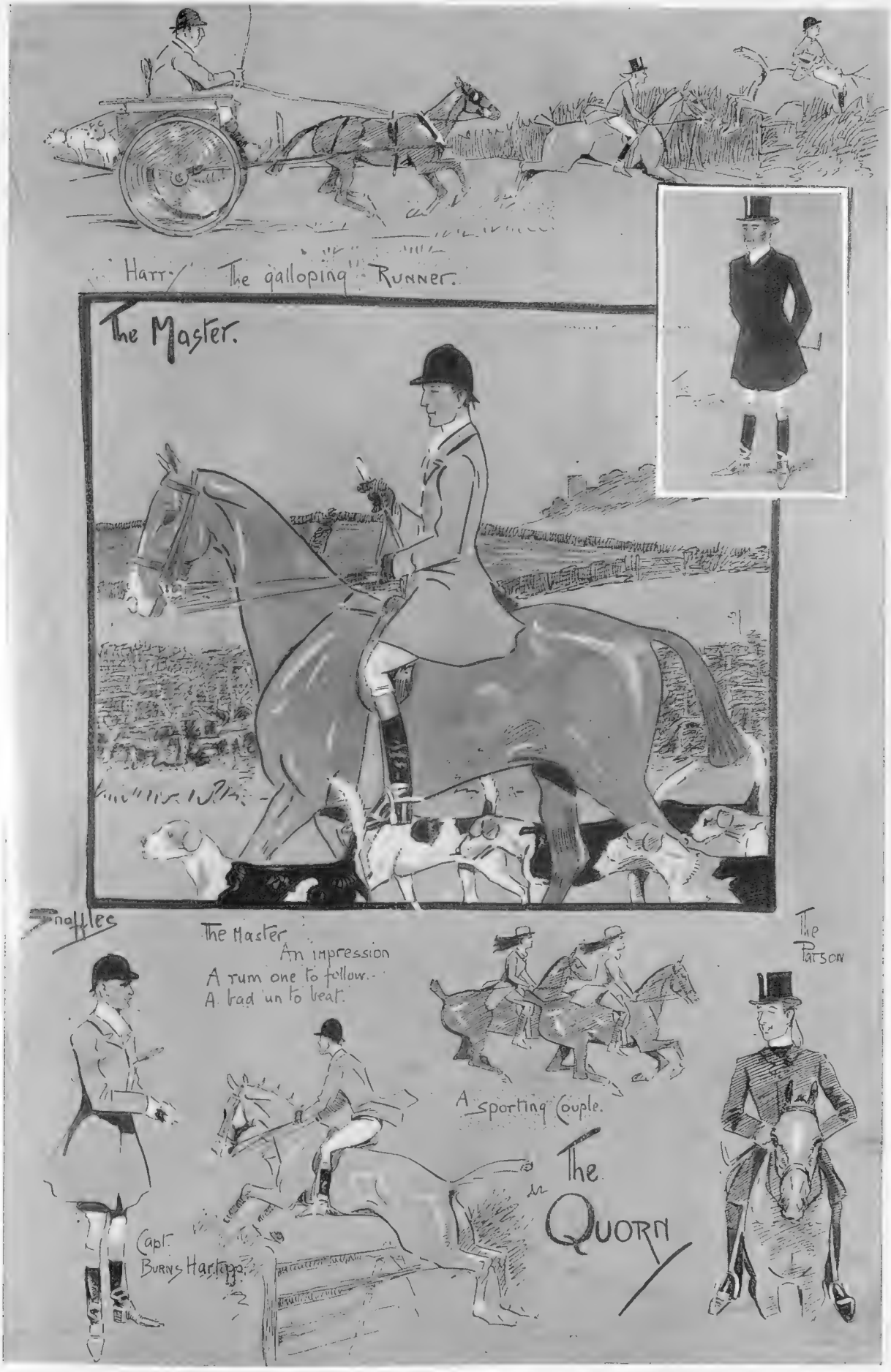
The Need For Action

What has become of the various schemes outlined by Lord Carrington and others from time to time? The Territorial Force is an established fact, Old Age Pensions are here, new Land Tax proposals are in the air, everything, apparently, is thought worthy of consideration and money by our good statesmen save the development of our horses. This question still hangs fire, and meanwhile our supply of utility horses is annually decreasing in proportion to the increasing popularity of horseless conveyances. "There is no cause for immediate alarm; we have a sufficient number of horses in the country for all present needs," says the Government. So I suppose the lessons of the South African War have already been forgotten. If hostilities broke out next week, we might have to scour the world for remounts at ruinous cost, as before. Our condition in regard to an effective reserve of military horses is nothing short of pitiable when compared with that of the leading Continental nations. We are too "goody-goody" to introduce the pari-mutuel as a help to horse-breeding, and apparently we are too poor to afford a respectable national grant for the purpose. The more motor-cars are manufactured and put on our roads, the more alarming becomes our deficiency in horses, and there is surely need for action.

Quorn Notabilities

The sketches of Quorn notabilities by "Snaffles" will create much interest in Leicestershire, where the subjects of the pictures will be readily recognised. Captain Frank Forester ably directs the fortunes of the premier Hunt, and each season gains new admirers by his thorough knowledge of the game and his fine patience and perseverance in times of difficulty. No hunting man could wish for a better compliment from his fellow sportsmen than to be elected to the Mastership of an historic institution like the Quorn Hunt. It is a position which has its disappointments as well as its triumphs, but so keen a foxhunter as Captain Forester does not fail to derive infinite delight and satisfaction from his arduous work. The tremendously tall figure of Captain Burns-Hartopp is one of the best known in the Shires. He was Captain Forester's predecessor, and though he had a lot of bad luck, and ungenerous people complained of a falling off of sport in comparison with Lord Lonsdale's days, Capt. Burns-Hartopp came through it all with undiminished popularity, and remains one of the best-liked personalities in the hunting world. Our artist gives us a characteristic sketch of Mr. G. Tempest Wade, surely the model for all hunt secretaries, always urbane, tactful, unruffled, and the keenest of business men. Hunt secretaries do a great deal of quiet work for which they do not invariably receive full credit, and it is quite certain that Mr. Wade's services to the Quorn Hunt have been simply invaluable. He is the head of the firm of Warner, Sheppard, and Wade, Ltd., in which two well-known Masters of Hounds, Mr. Charles McNeill and Sir Gilbert Greenall, are largely interested. A.W.C.

"Snaffles" with the Quorn

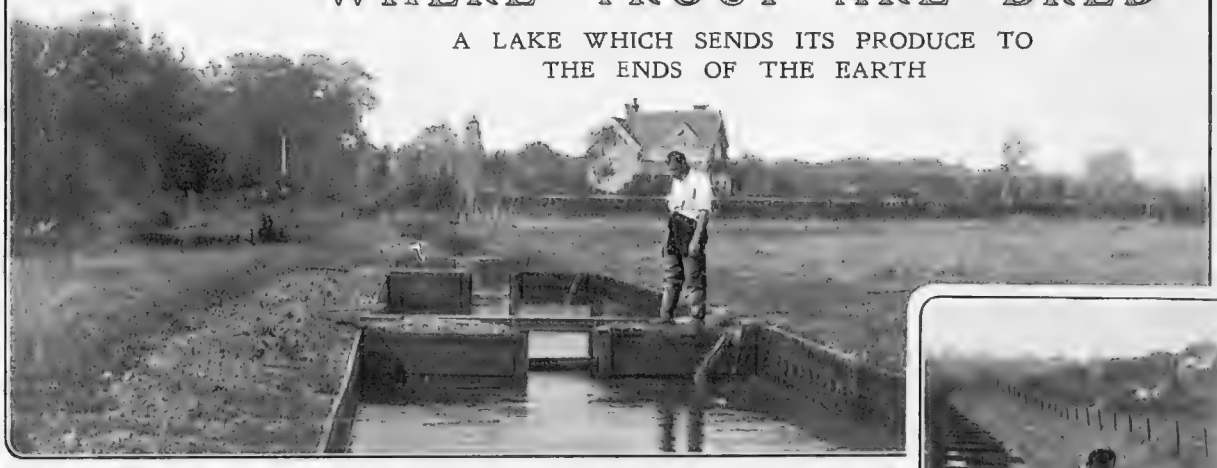


CHARACTER SKETCHES OF SOME NOTABLE MEMBERS

In the course of his visits this season to the important Hunts, "Snaffles" last week was with the Quorn, and has succeeded above in hitting off a few well-known followers of the famous Leicestershire Hunt in characteristic attitudes. Captain Forester, the popular Master, Mr. G. T. Wade, the Secretary, and Captain Burns-Hartopp, ex-M.F.H., have especially caught his eye

WHERE TROUT ARE BRED

A LAKE WHICH SENDS ITS PRODUCE TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH



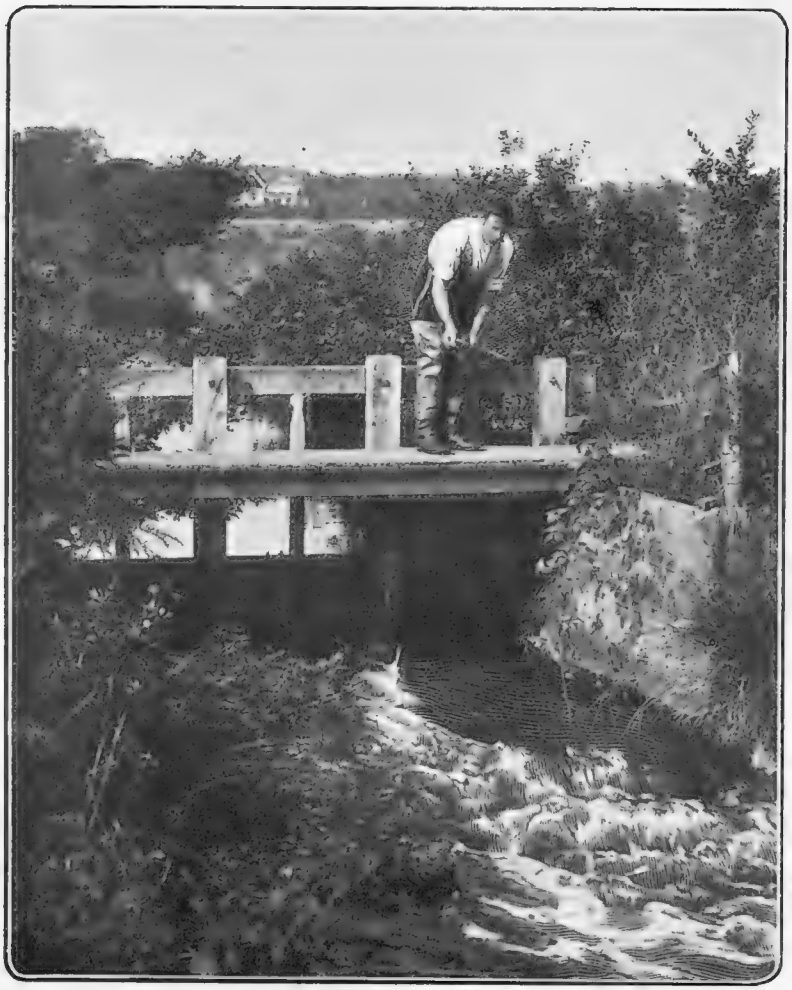
For Trout of all Ages: Some of the Ponds at the Famous Sowley Farm, Hampshire

The ponds at the well-known Sowley Trout Farm are constructed of different sizes for the reception of trout of different ages. Many fish are placed in the great Sowley Lake, which is destined to become an important trout water

Ponds for Young Trout

In these ponds, which the workman is seen clearing out, are kept very young trout until they are sufficiently grown to be removed to ponds of larger size

THE trout is one of the gamest and finest fish sportsmen ever struck a hook into. What is more satisfying to the eye of a keen fisherman than a goodly string of velvety Browns and glorious Rainbows which shimmer in the early sun and herald the welcome return of summer? For the excellence of trout-fishing in this country we have to thank the various associations which restock our favourite waters, while behind these are a band of keepers and breeders who give attention to the fish at spawning time, and jealously watch the early struggles of the tiny globules which will one day develop into sterling six or seven pounders. At Blagdon Lake, for instance, a short journey from Bristol, Mr. Donald Carr, the Chief Ranger of this famous trout lake, sends eggs from his trout farm even as far as New Zealand.



Photos] **Letting the Water Out of the Trout River** [*Clarke and Hyde*

This is the trout river which runs through the Sowley Farm. It flows into the sea a few hundred yards away, and is being "engineered" with a view to attracting sea-trout

On the Sowley Farm

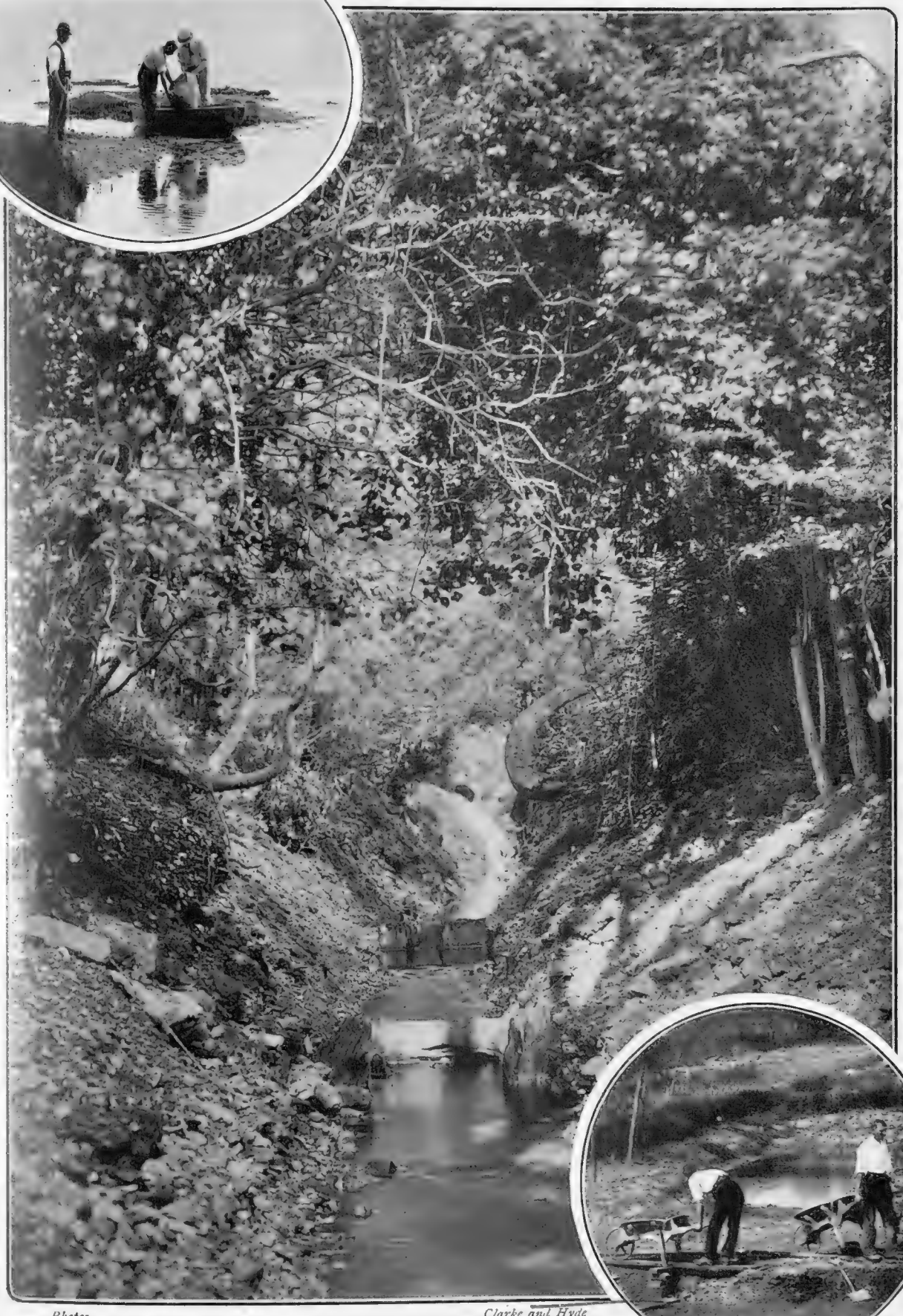
Some of last year's eggs went to help stock Mr. Cedric Scott's famous trout farm, at Sowley, Hampshire. From here many of the fish are destined to find a home in the great Sowley Lake, which Lord Montagu of Beaulieu has drained and made suitable for trout. The Sowley Trout Farm has one of the best situations in the country, the streams leading through it find an outlet in the sea which bounds the southern limits of the farm.

Trout for the Table

The range of fry and yearling ponds were extended a season ago, and now the farm is capable of dealing with great quantities of fish. Mr. Scott had the idea of breeding trout so that they could be supplied for the table direct from the farm. For this purpose the farm is eminently suited, as the best food for the fish—sea mussels—can easily be obtained from the sea. With this modern farm and the adjacent lake, Sowley should become a popular trout-fishing centre.

A Trout Stream in the Making

AT THE SOWLEY FARM, WHERE IT IS BEING WIDENED

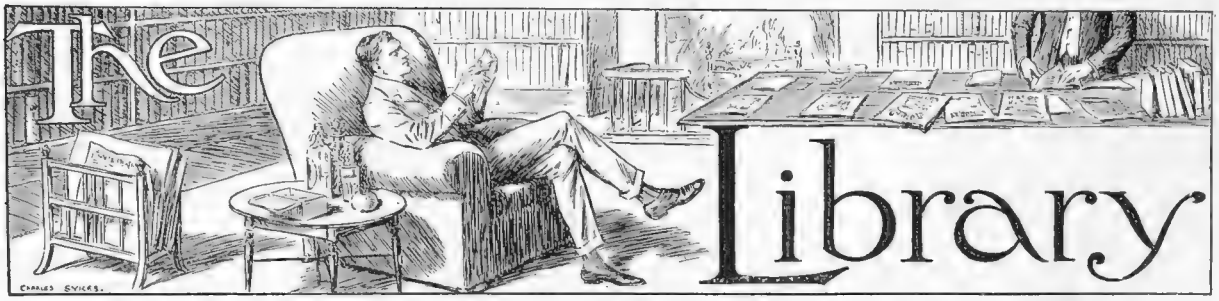


Photos *Clarke and Hyde*

Gathering Food for Young Trout
Sea mussels are collected from the sea to feed the young fish

This charming stream, which runs into the trout farm at Sowley from Sowley Lake, is to be "arranged" so that it will attract the sea trout from the neighbouring sea into its very desirable waters in the season. The stream, which in course of time has become a good deal choked, is being cleared and widened. With its farm, lake, and stream, Sowley should become a popular trout-fishing centre

Fresh Ponds and Waters New
Laying out new trout ponds on the farm



Sir August Manns

Mr. H. Saxe Wyndham, of the Guildhall School of Music, has done good service in editing a volume dealing with the late Sir August Manns, of the Crystal Palace. Mr. Wyndham has not attempted anything like a critical estimate of the distinguished conductor—that is, perhaps, better left a little longer, and to those who are more specially inclined for a possibly controversial task. He has, however, given us a very good account of the delightful old musician's career, starting with his famous squabble with Schallehn, the first conductor at the Palace, who sought to use, as his own, one of Manns's compositions, and ending with his resignation in 1900. It is hardly necessary to tell musicians how much Sir August did for them. Practically everything that was anything in music for the last forty years of the nineteenth century met with prompt recognition at his hands. He has sponsored for English audiences the works of many a composer whose name is now a household word. Mr. Wyndham has not, perhaps, told us all the incidents of Manns's career. For instance, I do not see any allusion to his heroic introduction of Tschaikowsky. I was always particularly fond of the little story of the Russian composer's experience. Mr. Manns had announced, some time early in the 'seventies, a symphony by him as an attraction at one of the concerts, only to receive a day or two later a request from his directors that he "would be good enough in future to avoid springing upon the British public composers with such atrocious names!" Mr. Wyndham has, I gather, been valuably assisted in his work by the widow of the conductor, Lady Manns, a handsome Scotchwoman (formerly Miss Thellusson), who was his inseparable companion during his declining years. I publish her portrait on this page.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Lady Manns

Widow of the late famous conductor, Sir August Manns, of whose work Mr. Saxe Wyndham, with Lady Manns's help, has written a book, reviewed on this page

Mr. Wales's New Novel

Mr. Hubert Wales, in his new novel, *Hilary Thornton* (Long: 6*s*.), deals with a rather delicate subject, but this time with somewhat more restraint than formerly. The central idea is that of a girl, brought up in extreme innocence and simplicity, marrying a young clergyman out of admiration for his ideals, only to discover on the wedding day certain realities about marriage at which she is duly horrified. The book traces her subsequent career, in which she becomes involved with "the man-about-town" husband of Mrs. Randolph Wynne, authoress. To provide a counter complication, Mr. Wales makes this lady acquire the admiration of the hero, Hilary Thornton, a somewhat colourless young lawyer, who thereby receives a valuable education in the emotions.

A Book of Morbid Characters

Rachel Lorian, by Mrs. Henry Dudeney (Heinemann: 6*s*.), is certainly not a book to be recommended to those in a depressed state of mind or too much given to morbid introspection. Two-thirds of it are composed of the story of the "wedded maidenhood" of Rachel Lorian, whose husband, as the result of a railway accident on their honeymoon, becomes a useless cripple. Self-opiniated and ambitious, Francis Lorian has carried away in his strength his little convent-bred wife of eighteen, and the wreck and ruin of his married life and worldly career at the outset makes of him the most cruel and repulsive of tyrants. His wife realises that the part of his nature which most appealed to her was really the reflection of his intimacy with his artist friend, Patrick Rivers, who, naturally, eventually comes upon the scene, with the equally natural result, that maiden wife and impressionable artist fall in love. The cripple dies, but, faithful to his memory, she sends Patrick away for six months, and, this period elapsed, she has a chance meeting with a Cobweb, "as good as his wife," at Rivers's chambers. She returns to her Cornish prison homestead, there, the reader feels, to immolate herself with a sort of morbid exaltation on the altar of her two sorrows—her maiden-wifehood and her affronted love. Mrs. Dudeney has shown a light and humorous touch in her former work, but this is wholly lacking in the present volume, the nearest approach to it being in the person of Unity Ayr, Rachel's guardian, the wife of a retired Indian major, who is pink and plump, who "snorks," and whose aim in life is to extort confidences and to arrange tasty dishes.

Niagara Fails to Fall

THE FAMOUS CATARACT COMPLETELY ICEBOUND

In the grip of a mightier power tnan themselves—King Frost—the Falls of Niagara, as seen in the above photograph, were last week at a standstill. Icebound, the cataract ceased its tremendous roar, and was frozen into a precipice, on whose brink visitors could walk. Immense crowds flocked to the falls that could not fall

GOLF

The Amateur Championship Rota

Much ink has flowed from many pens, and various suggestions have been indited by those pens, since the now famous recommendation of the Amateur Championship delegates for the abolition of the Amateur Championship rota. The latest pen to be busy is that of the writer of the golf notes in the *Field*, in its issue of the 6th instant. This writer's views, on account of the authority of the paper, merit careful and impartial consideration. I propose, therefore, to examine his suggestions and see whether they afford a way out of the difficulty which the extraordinary recommendation of the delegates has brought about. Briefly put, the suggestions of the *Field* are as follows: First of all, the Royal and Ancient Club is to suggest to the twenty-four clubs governing the Amateur Championship that the present "constitution should be dissolved and a fresh one reorganised more representative of the tremendous development the game has undergone in England since 1886, the date when the Amateur Championship was started. At that time twenty-four clubs were appealed to by the Royal Liverpool Club, of which sixteen were Scottish and eight English. He rightly infers that this proportion is not representative of the status and numbers of clubs to-day. He deplores the ill-feeling engendered by the melancholy history attending the latest addition to the Open Championship rota, and rejects the proposal of Mr. Horace Hutchinson that the green for the Amateur Championship should be annually chosen by a body consisting of past and present amateur champions. So far as this latter proposition goes, I entirely agree with the *Field* that it cannot be entertained, and I should doubt whether the genial writer who made it attached any importance to it, otherwise than as a *pis-aller* when all other projects should have been tried without success.

Photo *Dixon*

Inter-County Golf at Chislehurst: Miss Powell (Kent) Playing a Difficult Shot

A match in the long series from which the four divisional group winners ultimately emerge. Miss Powell (Kent) is shown getting well out of a bad place in the Kent *v.* Hants match at Chislehurst, which the former won by four matches to three, last Wednesday

game." This having been done, the premier club is then to issue a circular to all clubs "with a membership of three hundred and a course of their own, asking to be empowered by formal consent to undertake the government of the Amateur Championship," "and to put itself at the head of the movement. *A new rota could then be fixed to the satisfaction of golfers generally.*"

An Appeal to History

I have put in italics the last sentence of my quotation from this remarkable proposal. The writer has led up to this conclusion by instancing the

The Royal and Ancient Position

But what are we to say about the daring proposal of the *Field*? For myself I do not believe that it is within the practical politics of the golf world. The idea would have some solid basis if the Royal and Ancient Club had originated the Amateur Championship. If that had been so, it might be quite proper for the Club, as originator of the scheme, to take steps for the dissolution of the present body, and for the vesting in itself by general consent of the powers to regulate the tournament and choose the courses on which it should be played. But historical

A FORTUNATE INVENTOR

Photo *London Stereoscopic Co.*

MR. O. V. FORBES, OF CARLTON HOUSE, REGENT STREET

Mr. Forbes is the inventor of the Forbec Heels, which, in the opinion of some of the largest manufacturers in England and America, are destined to revolutionise the boot heel trade of the world. This wonderful heel can be repaired in five seconds, and lasts four times as long as any other heel.

Ladies' Hockey at Richmond

facts are all against this. The tournament owes its being to the initiative of the Royal Liverpool Club and to the sportsmanship of the other twenty-three clubs who responded to its appeal for support in 1886. This fact must not be overlooked in any proposal for the reorganisation of the body governing the Amateur Championship. It would be an ungracious and invidious position for the Royal and Ancient Club to assume the leadership of a movement to vest supreme powers in its own hands. I doubt very much whether the Club would adopt such a procedure unless strongly urged thereto primarily and spontaneously by the club which originated the competition, and secondarily by a universal expression of opinion by clubs all over the United Kingdom. I am quite certain the Royal and Ancient Club would not start such a movement. What guarantee have we that, even if this were so, we should get a "new rota satisfactory to golfers generally"?

Territorial Hockey: A Tense Moment in the Ladies' Match at Richmond

A good tackle by the West full-back in the match in which South beat West by four goals to nil at Richmond on Monday week

A Suggestion

I should much prefer taking a leaf out of the book of the Open Championship constitution. That competition is governed by delegates from the clubs over whose courses the Championship is played. Why should not the Amateur Championship be governed in a similar manner? I do not see why the present body should not resign in favour of one consisting of delegates from the five clubs over whose greens the amateur event is at present played. In view of its historic position I would add the Royal North Devon Club to the delegation, and I would give the chairmanship, with a casting vote, to the delegate of the premier club. If this body thus constituted then chose to add Westward Ho to the rota of greens, I do not think anyone would cavil at the addition. But in this body we should have an authority which would be above suspicion of axe-grinding or intrigue, one fully representative of all the best elements in golf, one able to proceed about its business without fear or favour.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

A Welcome Win for England

The conditions at Lansdowne Road, Dublin, on Saturday week, were so good—a bright, cold day, with no wind, and the ground dry without being too hard—that the play in England *v.* Ireland might well have been better than it was. Still, it was a fine game, and one which I was very glad not to miss. In view of the fact that they had by no means the best of the argument either forward or at half-back, England certainly did well to win by a goal and two tries to a goal, and it was mainly the superiority of their three-quarters that did it. Ireland's hope lay in her forward rushes, and it was one of these which brought about her only score. There were many other similar rushes, which tried England's defence pretty high. The best piece of aggressive play was undoubtedly England's first try, about fifteen minutes after the start. It was mainly due to Wright, who, receiving the ball from the scrum *viâ* Hutchinson at full gallop, ran beautifully straight and passed just at the right time for Palmer to get a clear run in. Nothing more was scored in the first half, though England was nearly in three times just before the end of it. Her second try came soon after the restart, and once again Wright had a big share in it before the ball went to Mobbs, whose pace did the rest. The third try was scored by Palmer, who took the ball from Hutchinson after a scrum near the touch-line in Ireland's twenty-five, and scrambled over cleverly in the corner. With the forwards I was somewhat disappointed. They worked like Trojans, but their footwork, both in scrumming and dribbling, was clumsy, and they certainly ought not to have been penalised as often they were for "feet-up." They were about at their best half-way through the second half, and I thought then that England was in for a big score; but the eleven points seemed just to take the edge off their keenness, for thenceforward the Irishmen nearly always got the ball in the scrum.

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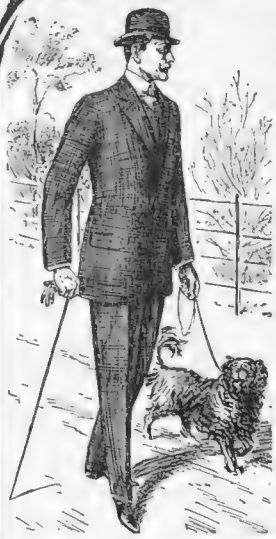

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'Varsity Match : Grand Military Prospects

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Oxford versus Cambridge

As in the Rugby match last term, a draw of a goal apiece was the result of the meeting of the Oxford and Cambridge "Soccer" teams at Queen's on Saturday. It was a lovely afternoon, and the ground was in excellent condition; but, considering the importance of the match, there were very few people present, and those who were there were singularly unenthusiastic. Indeed, until a few minutes before the end of the match there was hardly a sound to be heard. Five minutes from the start Oxford scored; five minutes later Cambridge equalised; and the remainder of the game, though at times exciting, was not conspicuous for good football. Cambridge had most of the game, and probably the happiest man on the field at the close of play was Appleton, the Oxford goalkeeper, whose charge had had escapes as miraculous as numerous. Indeed, Appleton's display in goal was the best feature of the match; he was very good indeed. Cambridge deserved to win; they played a much more bustling and dashing game than their opponents, and were always much quicker on the ball. Their combination was also greatly superior, but the shooting of the forwards was mostly too high, the result, no doubt, of a rather light ball. Bache and Squire both played very well in the second half, when Cambridge had nearly all the game until the last few minutes; but Edwards, at outside right, missed many good chances of centreing. W. B. Harris, on the opposite wing, was very fast indeed, and was responsible for initiating most of the Cambridge attacks, and he always found his forwards well up when he sent the ball in, while Oxford was scarcely ever up to receive a centre. The superiority of the Cambridge combination would have been enough to give them the match if it had not been for Appleton's fine display, and the fact that they shot too hard. But, as in the Rugby match, the general impression was that Oxford was "very well out of it" with a draw. Finally, seldom is there a game of "Soccer," even between the 'Varsities, in which the referee's whistle was heard so little as it was on Saturday.

RACING NOTIONS

A Successful Waterloo Cup

First, a few words on what was, undoubtedly, the premier sporting event of last week—the Waterloo Cup. In view of the wonderfully successful meeting at Altcar, it is absurd to suppose that the popularity of coursing is on the wane. Never was there a bigger crowd to see the sport, the daily average being ten thousand people. When Long Span was beaten a sort of groan of disappointment went from the muster, as he is a dog who somehow has caught the public fancy, and probably, had he been out more often this season, he would have put up a better show. His great merit was shown when he divided the Plate on Friday. The winner, Dendraspis, the property of Messrs. J. E. and G. M. Dennis, was fully "expected," as they say on the Turf. Only about 8 to 1 could have been obtained about him on the night of the draw, whereas the puppy, Such a Sell, the runner-up, was a 100 to 1 chance. Dendraspis cost only sixty guineas as a sapling, and has had a very successful career.

Outlook for the Grand Military

Always one of the most sporting and most attractive gatherings of the year is the Grand Military Steeplechase. Last season there were rumours that the meeting would no longer be held at Sandown Park, and most of us were sorry, because this is one of the best-managed courses in the kingdom, and certainly one of the most pleasant for racegoers. Moreover, Sandown has been associated in the past with many stirring military steeplechases, and even in these matter-of-fact days sentiment still counts for something. It came, therefore, as a relief to know that there is to be no change after all. Sandown will still be the scene of the soldiers' 'chases, and next week promises to provide an exceptionally good meeting, the entries being extremely satisfactory. The *pièce de résistance*, of course, will be the Grand Military Gold Cup, to win which there is invariably great keenness in the Services.

Some Gold Cup Competitors

His Majesty likes to see his colours carried in the Gold Cup if he happens to have a 'chaser of sufficient merit in training. This year the King has entered Bahadur, a young horse who is said to promise well. There are twenty-two entries in all, and Mr. Dermot McCalmont, who is specially eager to win this race, has put in a couple, Johnstown Lad and N. B., the first of whom he will probably ride himself. Besides Leinster, a notable competitor will be Ross, who has also been showing topping form lately; but I have an idea that Sprinkle Me will prove too good for all of them. Next week will be time enough to make a definite selection.

Selections for Newbury

This week there is little of deep-dyed interest at Warwick, the chief meeting being Newbury on Friday and Saturday, and here we are promised some of the best jumping of the season. On Friday, the Spring Hurdle Race will attract several of the best performers at this game, including **Holy War**, if recovered from his recent mishap. He ought to account for all opposition, and in his absence I should rely on **Bruges.** On the same afternoon, the Heddington Steeplechase may be won by **Judas.** On the following day, the Newbury Steeplechase is the leading event, in which success may rest with **Rough Pup,** while the Andover Steeplechase may fall to **Lord Rivers,** a jumper that looks like doing good service for the Baron de Forest.

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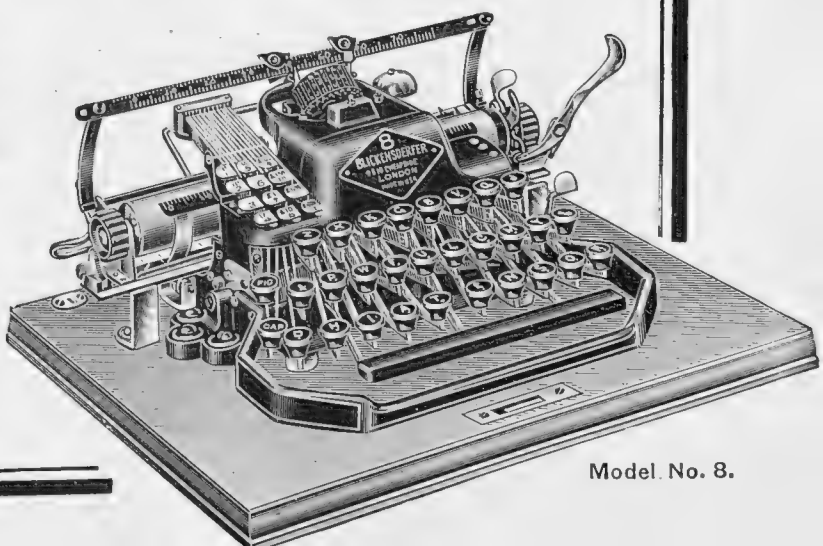

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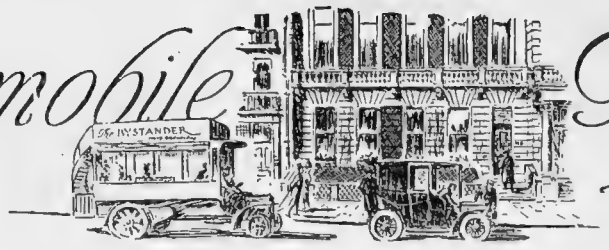
Automobile Topics.



By COMYNS BEAUMONT

"A. A." Statistics

I cherish a very high regard for the aims and work of the Automobile Association, and I have at all times done any little service that was possible on behalf of that most excellent and useful organisation. The "A. A.," as I remember, had its origin about four years ago, when, for the information and assistance of motorists using the road from London to Brighton, Mr. Charles Jarrott and his enterprising partner, Mr. W. M. Letts, employed, at their own expense, a few cyclist patrols, whose duties were to give timely warning of police ambushes or traps. That service proved so useful that it was determined to carry on the work on self-supporting lines, and the "A. A." came into being on the initiative of a dozen or so of gentlemen who stand foremost in the ranks of the army of automobile advance. With succeeding years, and under the able direction of Colonel W. J. Bosworth and Mr. Stenson Cooke, the Automobile Association has increased the sphere of its usefulness and widened the range of its activities in a manner which reflects the greatest credit upon its directors, and to-day it may be said without fear of contradiction that no more influential and popular society for the amelioration of the lot of the motorist exists among us. It is, therefore, with much regret that I notice the wide publicity that has been accorded by an appreciative Press to the statistics relative to motor fatalities and accidents directly or indirectly occasioned by motor vehicles during the three months ending February 13, 1909, which have been issued from the offices of the "A. A."

Fatalities and Figures

With the tabulated figures anent fatalities, accidents, and misadventures, I am not greatly concerned. These things happen, and we all have to reckon with the fact that in the full enjoyment of life we are at all times very near to the great dividing line which separates us from the ewigkeit. But why, and I ask the question advisedly, should an institution which is supported by the great majority of private automobilists, take it upon itself to collate and circulate particulars concerning what, after all, must be regarded as regrettable contretemps? Frankly, I think that in this instance the officials of the "A. A." have made a mistake, and that they have gone out of their way in directing attention to those very regrettable mischances which have occurred in the three months under notice.

Photo] **Brooklands Reforming Itself** [*Topical Agency*

To add to the usefulness of the track at Brooklands, a hill-climb is now being constructed, with a gradient of one in ten. The photograph shows the hill in the making, alongside the finishing straight, and rising towards the members' bridge

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Places were gained by Talbot Cars, all driven by private owners. This event is the third in which one of the competitors has steered his particular Talbot to victory.

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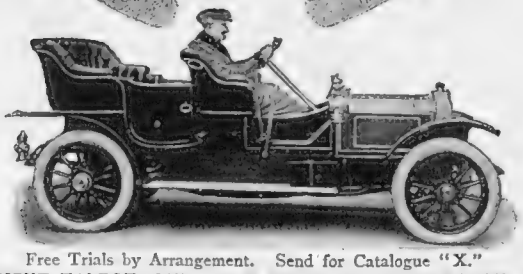

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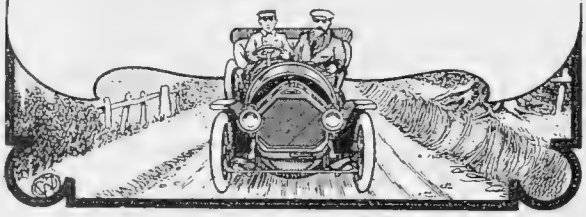

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A.J.W.

There is another side to the shield, and to this I would direct the attention of Mr. Stenson Cooke and his Committee.

Benefits Conferred

What about the benefit to thousands of the toiling members of the community who have been served by the automobile in those same three months? To say nothing of the health-giving and recuperative effects derivable from a dash through the keen wintry air, there must be taken into consideration the monetary

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value of time saved by rapid and comfortable transport by car, motor-'bus, and taxi-cab. I know of one case where the life of a prominent member of the Committee of the "A. A." itself was saved in emergency by the prompt utilisation of a fast motor-car, which flew up to London in the middle of the night and returned to Mid-Surrey with a Harley Street specialist, whose skill defeated the virulent attack of the Great Enemy. No other means of communication was available, and but for the automobile the "A. A.," in all human probability, would have lost one of its most influential supporters. Instances might be multiplied, but I think I have said enough to justify the contention that the proper study of the Automobile Association should be directed towards a helpful and appreciative recognition of benefits conferred rather than to an enumeration of accidents occasioned by the use of the self-propelled vehicle.

Roadside Repairs

Mr. R. J. Mecredy, writing in the *Motor News*, gives some amusing and instructive instances of repairs effected by the stranded motorist, and there are few of us, I suppose, who have not at one time or another had occasion to tax our resourcefulness when up against what our American cousins would term a stiff proposition. I remember once that in Scotland, when three-parts up a stiff mountain climb, the water in the radiator of my car boiled so exuberantly that a supply of fresh water was distinctly desirable. A little stream trickling by the roadside offered the wherewithal, but the difficulty was to convey the liquid from the "burn" to the tank. A petrol filler served the purpose admirably, except that the stopper, improvised by the use of a pebble wrapped in a handkerchief, persistently fell out, occasioning much vexation of spirit and loss of water. However, to quote Mr. Mecredy, "We remember, years ago, a lady motorist repairing the fan belt of her car with a hairpin, a thing no mere male would dream of using, albeit there are more useless things than hairpins. On another occasion the impedimenta of the sterner sex was utilised to advantage, when a pipe-stem did duty as a substitute for a broken carburettor jet; and the case of the motorist who stuffed the outer cover of a punctured tyre with straw in lieu of the more orthodox air-tube may be mentioned in conjunction with the resourceful motorist who, in similar straits, tore up a rug and so saved his cover." I shall be pleased to hear from readers who care to send me particulars of emergency expedients, as I am sure they will prove most interesting.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

Miscellanea

The "hill-climb" at Brooklands, which is illustrated in the making on page 410, has a gradient varying from one in ten to one in four at the top.

The Motor Union is issuing special road signs to denote the vicinity of a carriage drive opening on to the road.

The average fines imposed at Kingston recently for exceeding the speed limit amounted to £20!

The London and Parisian Motor Co., Ltd., wish it to be known that they have no connection with the London and Paris Exchange, now in liquidation.

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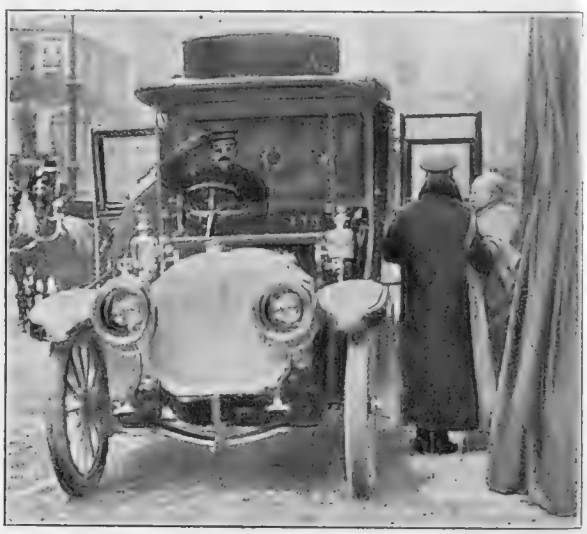

Photo *Berliner Illustrations Gesellschaft*
The King leaving Berlin Town Hall in a Mercédès Car, fitted with Continental Tyres

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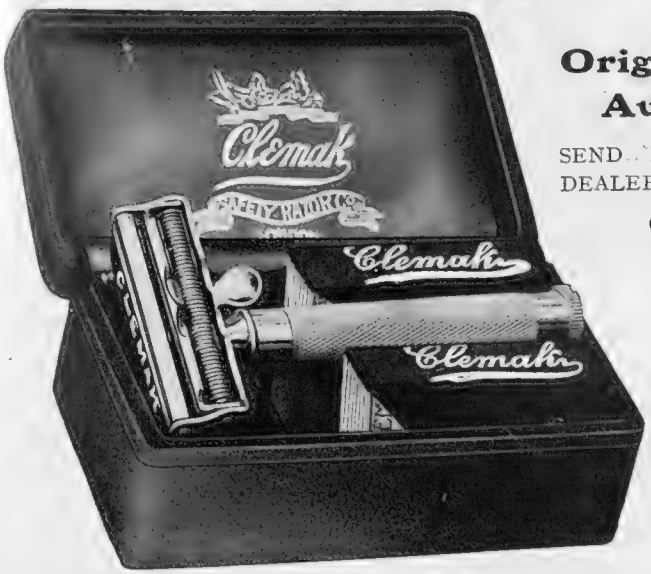

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BY H. C. DAVIDSON

Summer Flowers for the Wild Garden

Though the wild and cultivated parts of the grounds are generally kept quite distinct, the illustration below shows that, skilfully managed, they may sometimes be associated with striking effect. Perhaps the chief difficulty of the wild garden is to maintain a succession of flowers. Bulbs are most suitable for the purpose, but when, as is often the case, these are confined to snowdrops, crocuses, and daffodils, their season does not outlast the spring. Yet there are others which will flower in summer—for example, brodiæas, cooperias, tigridias, and many more, some not quite hardy, but usually satisfactory in a sheltered district, especially if planted during the next few weeks and lifted in autumn. Ixias, too, are wonderfully beautiful, and when massed, as all bulbs should be, make a picture which one would go far to see. For damp spots large groups of Iris Kæmpferi are particularly fine. This species may be grown in the border in any good garden soil, but it rarely reaches the same size there as it does near water. Watsonia ardernei is rather uncommon, but is admirably adapted to the requirements of the wild garden. It is a magnificent plant, three or four feet in height, not unlike a gladiolus, but often carrying as many as a hundred white flowers on a stem. If wanted for the house, it may easily be grown in pots. Then, of course, there are all the gladioli, the number of species, hybrids and varieties, running into hundreds, while among dwarf plants which flower late in the year the hardy species of cyclamen, such as cilicicum and Europæum, must not be forgotten. The list might be largely extended, but the names which have been mentioned will show that there is no need to confine the wild garden to bulbous plants which flower only in spring.

Cannas for Pots or Beds

Cannas may now be packed in shallow boxes of moist soil or fibre and placed in heat. During the winter they are generally stored dry, or if they have been grown in pots they are sometimes left undisturbed. The latter method is the better and the most natural. If the tubers are kept quite dry they frequently die, and, owing to the hardening of the tissues, are always slow in starting, whereas in the presence of a little moisture—it must be very little, otherwise in a low temperature they will decay—the retain their vitality longer, and, as the result of the exclusion of air, start into growth much more readily. They are magnificent plants for either pots or summer beds, and in a fairly high temperature and moist atmosphere their cultivation is easy. After they have been potted—in rich soil—and have begun to grow vigorously, the chief point is an abundant supply of water. They can then hardly have too much. It is only when they are neglected in this respect that the

A Striking Effect in Landscape Gardening

Where the wild and cultivated gardens merge into one another, making a sharp but most picturesque contrast. To maintain a succession of flowers in the wild garden, bulbs are most suitable, as, with careful selection, the different kinds will outlast the spring and summer

give any trouble, the insects that attack them being red spider and green fly. They may, however, be freed from both without much difficulty by sponging the broad leaves with soapy water, and about twenty-four hours later syringing with clean water. If a single application is not effectual, it should be repeated.

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By MRS. JACK MAY

Cromwellian Collars of Sheer Linen

With hair creeping lower and lower into the nape of the neck, the *décolleté* throat is, one would say, inevitable. We have been temporising for some time with the fancy, subordinating this artistic and trying turn-over collar to an under and separate high neck-band. But the decree is out that the latter be deleted. In employing linen, even of a fine quality, the strict severity that makes for the required *chic* is denoted. It is, however, open to any resourceful mind to elaborate a design by the introduction of a broken-edged lace. But the distinction must be made plain between this type of collar and the erstwhile commonplace lace affair. The whole onus of success of the Cromwellian rests on the allied essentials of outline and hand-work—and, perhaps, it is well to remark incidentally, a good throat. Every woman knows the sort of throat that is desirable—a pure white, slim column, without wrinkle or blemish. And I ask, in all seriousness, how many of us boast such a poetic possession? However, this has nothing whatever to do with the case, because, given that we accept the collar, the skin specialist will see to it that the irreproachable throat will follow.

A Delightful Bridge Coat

(Sketched at Madame Papillon's by Dorothy Millar)

Apropos of which, I would point out the becoming value of a narrow band of black velvet; or I have seen a dull silver *galon* ribbon passed through a correspondingly narrow diamond slide, and worn at the summit of the throat. The position is supremely important, since it is not given to the whole world of femininity to carry it off with complete *éclat*. Its tendency to accentuate the defects of a double chin is obvious. Whereas, on that column of a throat now—well! in a way, I should compare the effect to that achieved by a perfectly modelled collar-band.

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Never was there a truer saying than that there is always room at the top. Only three months ago the above-named *artiste en blouses* opened her campaign, and already her name is well to the front. Now this, in the face of the large existing rivalry that prevails, is no small achievement. Madame Papillon confines herself to blouses, teagowns, and coats, and everything in connection with *au dessous*, and in these matters she is eminently an artist of a calibre not often met with on this side of the water.

Controlling, as she does, a special channel of communication with Paris, whereby she is enabled not merely to secure a pick of designs, but actually to have orders executed there in the course of a few days, there is no question at all as to the unique position she holds.

Her speciality is embroidery and hand-work, the latter imperative where the filmy *ninon* slip is concerned, a fancy that is conspicuously in evidence at 28, Brook Street. And once you have worn one of Papillon's *ninon* blouses you are spoiled for all time for any other. They are, even the very simplest and least pretentious of them, quite ravishing. There are all sorts and kinds and colours, some enhanced across the front by the fashionable raised embroidery, others having a bordered edge of the diaphanous fabric deftly manœuvred into decorative details, while the sweetest little shirt blouse, ideal for wearing

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AMIDST LOVELY SCENERY, in a beautiful part of WALES, close to a station.—To be SOLD, a capital COUNTRY HOUSE, with stabling, model farmery; pretty but inexpensive grounds; standing on the banks of the Tivy, which flows through the Property: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, ample offices. The fishing includes one of the best salmon pools in the river. Hunting and shooting.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (20,828)

BEAUTIFUL PART OF HERTS.

UNDER ONE HOUR BY MAIN LINE FROM LONDON.

CONSIDERABLY REDUCED PRICE.

A QUAINT AND BEAUTIFUL ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE, on high ground, in MINIATURE and BEAUTIFULLY WOODED PARK; South aspect; dry soil; charming lounge hall, oak-panelled reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms and very complete offices; good stabling, cottages, etc.; magnificently timbered old-world grounds, productive gardens, etc., water laid on.—WALTON and LEE, 10 Mount Street, W. (22,168)

PINE WOOD DISTRICT (10 minutes' walk from an important junction, with an unexcelled service of trains to Town, which is reached in about half an hour).—To be SOLD, an exceptionally attractive Freehold PROPERTY of about NINE ACRES, and comprising the above well-arranged Residence, with short carriage drive approach: 4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, capital domestic offices, including servants' hall, 2 staircases; gas and water laid on; sandy soil; substantial stabling for 3, and coachman's dwelling; matured pleasure grounds with shrubberies, flower gardens, and extensive well-kept lawns for croquet and tennis; productive kitchen garden and suitable glasshouses; 3 paddocks; the Property would be Sold in its entirety, or the principal part with an area of about FOUR ACRES.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. Views and Plan. (22,687)

OXFORD (near).—Convenient reach of the station, with its first-class service of trains, a well-known and desirable FAMILY SEAT, to be LET Furnished, together with the shooting over the estate. The Mansion stands in well-timbered park-lands and pleasure grounds, and contains the usual reception rooms, billiard room, about 20 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and all necessary conveniences. Charming grounds, inexpensive to maintain. Excellent situation for hunting with a famous pack of hounds. Coarse fishing on the property. Moderate rent.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (17,781)

SUSSEX COAST (close to fashionable seaside town, 1 hour from London).—To be SOLD, a desirable FREEHOLD BIJOU RESIDENCE, standing in remarkably pretty grounds and gardens of about an acre. Golf and hunting near.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (23,314)

HANTS (close to one of the best stretches of the RIVER TEST).—To be SOLD, at a moderate price, a most substantially built, attractive, red-brick COUNTRY HOUSE, occupying a fairly high situation, a mile from a station, 4 miles from Andover; capital stabling, motor and coach-house; well-timbered, pretty grounds, tennis and croquet lawn, kitchen garden, greenhouse, and meadows, in all 10 ACRES: 11 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, bath (h. and c.), 4 reception rooms, servants' hall, and offices; modern drainage; excellent water supply.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,257)

40 MINUTES FROM THE CITY.

THE ABOVE CHARMING GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, with grounds and parklike lands of 13 ACRES. To be SOLD, or LET, Furnished; in a delightful rural situation, 300ft. above sea; good views: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, drawing and dining rooms, billiard room, magnificent lounge hall, ample offices: stabling for 5, man's rooms, farmery, and 3 cottages; well-timbered pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, meadowland; Company's water; gas. 1½ miles from 2 stations.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,079)

Telegrams: "Everything, London" **HARRODS (LTD.)** Telephone: Kensington 3300 (60 lines).

ESTATE AGENTS **BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.** **AUCTIONEERS**

RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF 160 ACRES.

ESSEX AND SUFFOLK BORDERS.—To be SOLD, an exceedingly choice PROPERTY, excellent Residence: 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling; grounds 7½ acres; farm and farm-buildings, and excellent land, at present let at £122; house, grounds, and stabling in hand, and WOULD BE LET AT £100 PER ANNUM.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

PRICE ONLY £4,250.

BANKS OF THE THAMES (within 30 minutes' motor ride of Hyde Park Corner). — The above exceptionally attractive RESIDENCE, in perfect order, approached by long carriage drive; pretty grounds of 2½ acres. LONG RIVER FRONTAGE, boat-house, landing stage, etc.; lounge hall, 4 reception, 10 bed and dressing, bathroom; stabling for 3; cottage. Inspected, strongly recommended. —HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

At a Bargain Price owing to Death.

GRAND SPORTING ESTATE OF 3,450 ACRES. —To be SOLD, or LET, in one of the prettiest parts of the HOME COUNTIES, 650ft. above sea level, MANSION, with 5 reception, 23 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 10; motor-house; several farms, cottages, etc. — Strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

1,000 Partridges. 3,500 Pheasants. 7,500 Total Bag.

TO BE SOLD AT HALF COST.

BERKS.—A beautiful COUNTRY SEAT, possessing glorious views, dry atmosphere, 300ft. above sea, gravel soil, water excellent, sanitation excellent: 17 bed and dressing rooms, finely panelled and galleried hall, 4 reception rooms; stabling for 15; 2 cottages: motor-house; hunting 5 days a week; the grounds have been described as "exquisite"; model farmery.—Further details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

WE CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO THIS.

SUSSEX AND KENT BORDERS.—To be SOLD, the above beautifully placed RESIDENCE, about 450ft. above sea level, and

COMMANDING LOVELY VIEWS.

4 reception, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling; cottage, grounds, and paddocks.

13 ACRES. PRICE, £4,000.

—Inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

HOVE (a few minutes of the sea).—An exceptionally well-built RESIDENCE, containing: entrance hall, 3 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and excellent domestic offices; small garden, greenhouse; electric light and gas; every convenience; perfect repair.

PRICE, £2,300 FREEHOLD,

or would be LET on Lease.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 5,968)

BERKS (between Ascot and Windsor).—To be SOLD or LET, Furnished, this magnificent MANSION, standing in grandly timbered

PARK OF 117 ACRES

and exquisite grounds: hall (37ft. by 23ft.), suite of reception rooms, 27 bedrooms, bathrooms; extensive stabling; cottages, home farm, range of glass-houses. — Full details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

£1,100.—**OXFORDSHIRE CHILTERNS** (650ft. up). — To be SOLD, charmingly placed RESIDENCE, magnificent views, near noted Huntercombe Golf Links; grounds of 2 acres: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 2. — Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

£2,600.—**OXTED DISTRICT.**—A really cheap PROPERTY, with pretty grounds of 1½ acres: lounge hall, 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling or motor-house; 500ft. above sea level. Inspected and strongly recommended. — HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

CAPITAL FARM OF 146 ACRES.
SMALL GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE.

BUCKS AND BEDS BORDERS.—To be SOLD, a compact RESIDENTIAL FARM of 146 acres, with a pretty Residence, containing: 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 9 horses. — Box K 4,064, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

PARTICULARLY ADAPTED
FOR SCHOLASTIC PURPOSES.
A WONDERFULLY HEALTHY SITUATION,
800FT. ABOVE THE SEA.

SUSSEX.—To be LET or SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of over 6 acres, and commanding lovely views: large entrance hall, 3 reception, billiard, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices; well-shaded grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, paddock, etc.; soil, sandstone rock.—Box K 3,904, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

ARTISTIC COTTAGE. 2 ACRES.
800FT. ABOVE THE SEA. ADJOINING GOLF COURSE.
A RETREAT FOR CITY MEN.

SURREY (1½ miles from station, 10 minutes from village, post and telegraph office).—To be SOLD or LET, an artistic COTTAGE, enjoying a high but protected position. Accommodation: pleasant hall, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. The cottage is designed for extension; the grounds of about 2½ acres include some nice old trees, tennis lawn, etc.—Box K 4,167, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

QUIET COUNTRY RETREAT on the Chiltern Hills, 1 mile of station, and 45 minutes of Town. — £1,500 will PURCHASE a modern RESIDENCE, standing in 6 acres of grounds. Accommodation: large hall, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, and usual offices; stabling for 3, and useful outbuildings. — Box K 4,135. THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

AN HOUR OF LONDON.

£1,500 WILL PURCHASE a picturesque old-fashioned COTTAGE, standing on gravel soil, 400ft. above the sea: lounge hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms; could easily be enlarged; stabling for 2; nicely timbered old grounds of an acre; more land could be purchased if desired. — Particulars of H., c/o Box K 4,109, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TO GOLFERS PARTICULARLY.
HERTS AND BUCKS BORDERS.
350FT. HIGH.
G.C.R., 35 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

CLOSE TO GOLF LINKS. — An old-fashioned ivy-clad RESIDENCE, situated in fine open country, a drive from Amersham, Rickmansworth, and Chenies, to be SOLD. Accommodation: sitting hall (30ft. wide), 4 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling for 7; old grounds of 6 acres, with tennis and croquet lawns, etc.; Company's water; modern drainage.—Box K 4,134, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

35 MILES FROM TOWN. ABSOLUTELY RURAL.

TO BE SOLD.—A fine old stone-built HOUSE, covered in creepers, standing in 7 acres of glorious old grounds, specially noted for the filbert orchard. The House is in excellent order, and contains: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, and 6 bedrooms; stabling and outbuildings, paddock, etc.—Box K 4,022, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A GREAT SACRIFICE (35 minutes from Town). —A charming little HOUSE, with 3 reception and 7 bedrooms, in well-matured grounds of 1½ acres, with tennis lawn, etc.; stabling for 2 horses, with coach-house and outbuildings; will be Sold considerably below cost.—Apply, Box K 4,061, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

FARM OF 170 ACRES, WITH GOOD FARMHOUSE.

HERTFORDSHIRE.—On high ground, 2 miles from station; well fenced and watered; arable and old pasture; possession Michaelmas. For SALE, Freehold. — Box K, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

WOODHALL SPA.—Comfortable RESIDENCE to LET, Furnished for any period: 5 bed, bath, 2 reception rooms; small garden; close to golf links, etc.—Box H 6,865, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SUFFOLK (favourite part).—1½ miles from station, under 2 hours from Town. Pretty creeper-clad RESIDENCE in tastefully laid-out grounds, 3 acres: 8 bed, bath, 3 reception, stabling, etc. To LET, Furnished.—Box H 427, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

WANTED, IMMEDIATELY, ON LEASE, Unfurnished HOUSE in the country, containing: 8 good bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 sitting rooms, and good entrance hall; good servants' offices; 6 to 10 acres of orchard, tennis court, and flower garden. State sizes of principal rooms. Kent and Surrey borders preferred, within 2 miles of station. Modern drainage and good water supply. Rent, £60 to £70.—Please send all particulars to F. BELLWOOD, Esq., S.E.A. College, Wye Kent.

OLD-FASHIONED FARMHOUSE, with 8 bed, bath, dressing, 4 reception rooms (one 23ft. 10in. by 15ft. 9in.), kitchen, scullery, large hall; beautifully well-wooded grounds, 2 acres stocked with trees in full bearing, lawns, etc. Splendid position on exceptionally high ground, commanding extensive views; 20 minutes only from station. Freehold, £2,500. Extra meadow-land if required. —Particulars of MORGAN, BAINES and CLARK, Wallington.

HERTS.—Owner's sacrifice. Cost £3,000, Sell £2,500 or near offer. Small COUNTRY HOUSE, near small town and 50 minutes of London, on main line: 3 reception, 8 bed, bath, etc.; stabling for 2; beautiful secluded garden, with wood and tennis lawn, of 2 acres. Must be Sold.—Particulars and photo of HAYLLAR, Stevenage.

HERTS.—Price, £13,500; or Rent, £400. Charming old RESIDENCE, with 50 acres, to be LET or SOLD. Residence contains: large halls, 4 reception, billiard, bath, and 16 bed and dressing rooms; servants' hall, and ample offices; stabling for 6; farmery; London, 1 hour; golf. Offer entertained.—HAYLLAR, Stevenage.

TO BE LET OR SOLD.
HIGHEST POINT IN COUNTY.

CHELMSFORD (300ft. above sea level).—To be SOLD, or LET, Unfurnished, a GENTLEMAN'S COUNTRY COTTAGE RESIDENCE, in first-rate order, with every modern comfort. 5 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), lounge, dining and drawing rooms, and offices. Company's water, modern drainage. Pretty grounds, etc., of about 4 acres, with tennis lawn, kitchen garden, orchard, meadow, etc. The Residence occupies a high and bracing situation, and has been well maintained by the owner in occupation.

RENT, £60 PER ANNUM. PRICE, £1,600.

NOTE.—The House would be LET Furnished, or a purchaser could take to the greater part of the contents by valuation. — Box HS 41, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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F. J. RONALD,

Telegrams: "DECIDABLE, LONDON."

AUCTIONEER and ESTATE AGENT. 72, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W. SURVEYOR, VALUER.

WITHIN 1 HOUR OF TOWN, WITH 30 ACRES, OR LESS.

ON LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE, an attractive FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising this very charming Residence, in perfect order, together with undulating and parklike grounds of about 30 acres (or less if desired).

The House, which occupies a secluded position, is approached by a drive, and contains: 4 fine reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual domestic offices; new drainage; Company's gas and water; stabling for 3 horses, double coach-house, etc.; 3 cottages; lovely old grounds, inexpensive to maintain and well timbered.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,321)

ON THE UPPER THAMES.

STANDING HIGH.

FOR SALE, or would be LET, Furnished, the above picturesque RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of about

2 ACRES.

Contains: 2 large reception rooms, 7 good bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices; motor-house; tennis lawn; gravel soil; golf links.

For terms, which are very moderate, apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,338)

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

A BEAUTIFUL OLD HISTORICAL TUDOR MANSION is now available, Furnished. It stands in a grandly timbered park in a favourite part of Surrey, and contains: banqueting hall with musicians' gallery, 5 reception rooms, billiard room, some 25 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling accommodation for 10 horses, coach-house, garage for 3 cars; 2 cottages, 3 lodges, etc.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (S 662)

WITH 36 ACRES (OR LESS).

SOUTH DEVON COAST (within ½ mile of a station and close to sea).—For SALE, the above substantially built and artistically finished RESIDENCE in the Italian Renaissance style, approached by a long carriage drive, with lodge and entrance, and containing: handsome inner hall, large Oriental drawing room, salon, dining room, billiard room, library, fitted cloak room, 16 bed and dressing rooms, 2 luxuriantly appointed bathrooms, etc.; excellent stabling accommodation and motor garage; electric light installation; telephone; beautiful grounds, in excellent condition, and adorned with many sub-tropical plants, and generally laid out in perfect taste.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,323)

WITH 30 ACRES, £4,000 ONLY; OR WITH 21 ACRES, £2,950.

HEREFORDSHIRE.—To be SOLD, the FREEHOLD of a picturesque old RESIDENCE, with lands extending to 39 acres, 15 of which are orchards, which form a considerable source of income. The House stands high, and contains: 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, usual domestic offices; excellent water and modern drainage; stabling for 5 horses, coach-house, harness room, cowstalls, etc.; 2 6-roomed cottages, and numerous outbuildings. The House is surrounded by extensive lawns and well-timbered grounds; a trout stream abounds the Property.

Hunting with the South Hereford, the Monmouth, and the Ross Harriers.

For further particulars, apply to F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, London, S.W. (U 1,274)

FACING A SURREY COMMON.

£220 PER ANNUM IS REQUIRED for this charming old-fashioned HOUSE, close to Town, with excellent train service, and within easy reach of first-class golf links. The situation is open, and the outlook delightful. The House contains every convenience, and includes large hall, dining room, drawing room, study, 7 bed and dressing rooms, and 3 nurseries; stabling for 3 horses, coach-house, and living rooms over; pretty garden with conservatory; gravel soil; Company's water; electric light; certified drainage.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,317)

ON THE SURREY HILLS.

SECLUDED AND QUIET POSITION. — For SALE, a well-built RESIDENCE, replete with every modern convenience, standing about 400ft. above sea level; grounds about 4½ ACRES. The House contains: hall, 3 reception rooms, BILLIARD ROOM, WINTER GARDEN, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, usual domestic offices; gas and water laid on, main drainage; stabling for 2 horses, double coach-house, man's room, etc.; the grounds are quite a feature, having been laid out by a well-known horticulturist, and include tennis and croquet lawns.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,337)

PICTURESQUE AND HISTORIC PART OF BUCKS.

BUCKS (in the most picturesque and historic part of the county, amongst delightfully wooded hills, 400 ft. above sea level, 2 miles from station, with excellent train service to Town).—To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, this FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising the above most attractive Residence, standing on gravel soil, well away from the road, and approached by a carriage sweep with lodge at entrance. Contains: 8 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom (h. and c.), 2 linen cupboards; principal and secondary staircases, lounge hall with fireplace, library, drawing room, dining room, smoking room or servants' hall, ample domestic offices; the outbuildings are very compact, and include stabling for 4, double coach-house, harness room, with 3 living rooms above; the pleasure grounds are well laid out, and comprise well-grown shrubberies, large tennis and croquet lawns, rose arbour, enclosed garden of over an acre, well sheltered by a plantation of fir trees, 2 hothouses, peach, nectarine and melon houses, capital vinery, tool shed, etc., 2 lodges, homestead; the whole Property has an area of about

51 ACRES.

Rent, Unfurnished, £265 per annum.

For price and further particulars apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,264)

22,000 ACRES SHOOTING AND GOOD FISHINGS.

THIS GRAND OLD SCOTCH BARONIAL HALL, near the Kyles of Bute, to be LET, Furnished, with shootings extending to about 22,000 acres of moor and hill ground, with some arable land, and well supplied with woods and sheltered corries, forming a compact deer forest and grouse moor. The Castle occupies a magnificent position, commanding unrivalled views, and contains some 6 public rooms, picture gallery, 24 bed and dressing rooms, ample service quarters, extensive cellarage; excellent stabling accommodation, and 2 cottages; electric light and telephone installation.

GAME BAG.

1906.—Grouse, 1,716; black game, 47; pheasants, 107; partridges, 30; woodcock, 106; snipe, 111; pigeon, 7; wildfowl, 1; hares, 12; rabbits, 3,489; various, 13. Total (not including fish), 5,693.

1907.—Grouse, 1,164; black game, 20; pheasants, 50; partridges, 12; woodcock, 467; plover, 12; snipe, 143; pigeon, 9; hares, 12; rabbits, 4,466; various, 3. Total (not including fish), 6,358.

1908.—Grouse, 766; black game, 55; pheasants, 56; partridges, 12; woodcock, 343; plover, 3; snipe, 86; pigeon, 6; wildfowl, 4; hares, 11; rabbits, 3,019. Total (not including fish), 4,361.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

WITH A MAGNIFICENT AND GLORIOUS PANORAMA.

800 FT. UP (in a district renowned for its health-giving properties, within 75 minutes of Town, and close to a famous golf course).—For SALE, the above most substantially built and conveniently arranged RESIDENCE, containing: fine large oak-panelled hall, most attractive dining room, pretty drawing room, library, morning room, handsome billiard room communicating with conservatory, some 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, excellent servants' quarters; main drainage; Company's water; acetylene gas; well-arranged stabling for 6 horses, large coach-house; farmhouse and 2 cottages; beautifully planted grounds of 21 acres, including Dutch garden, rockery walk, rosery, tennis and croquet lawns. Price on application. Inspected and strongly recommended.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,316)

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QUEEN'S MANSIONS, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.

Where we have installed **ELECTRIC LIGHT** and supplied the fittings for over 20 flats.

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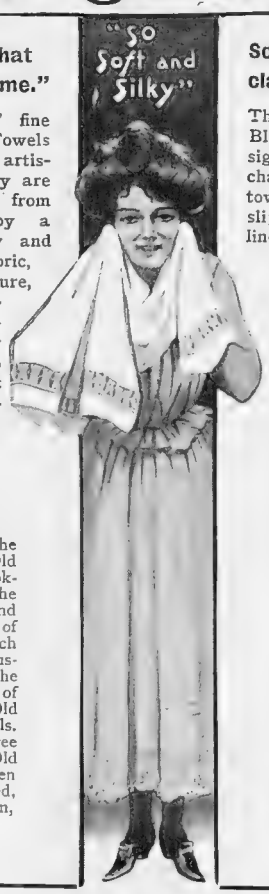
"Old Bleach" fine Linen Art Towels strike a highly artistic note. They are distinguished from all others by a greater beauty and durability of fabric, a daintier texture, and great softness and absorbency. Over 200 designs to select from, at prices from 10/- to £20 per doz.

Send for the beautiful Old Bleach Booklet on the "Care and Handling of Linen," which contains illustrations of the full series of beautiful Old Bleach Towels. Sent post free from the Old Bleach Linen Co., Limited, Randalstown, Ireland.



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PURE COFFEE

THIS pure fragrant Coffee comes direct from the sunny plantations of San Paulo, which State produces nearly three-fourths of the whole world's Coffee supply. There are good reasons for drinking pure Coffee in our changeful, trying climate. Pure Coffee is actually an invigorating and sustaining beverage—in fact, a valuable restorative in a delicious form. It is inexpensive and simply made. But the Coffee must be absolutely pure. To ensure this always ask for

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Ground or Whole Berry.
In hermetically sealed tins, which preserve the freshness and aroma.

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A Scientific Discovery in Hair Waving of the most permanent character. Impervious to any Hair Lotion, Sea Water, residence in hot climates; the Nestle Wave always remains. Hair Curlers or Wavers, whether hard or soft, are bound to ruin your hair. A written guarantee given that Nestle waved hair will grow ½in. per month. Over 1,500 heads Nestle waved. Time of doing a head has been reduced to two hours. Fee, **£5 - 5 - 0.** Children's Hair at special quotations.

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A HOME OUTFIT. Nestle's permanent Hair-Waving Outfit has now been adapted for home use, price **One Guinea.** Postage abroad, **2s.** extra. The cheapest and best family waver. Full particulars sent on receipt of postcard. Hundreds of testimonials.

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is needed for Vinolia Powder — not to sing its praises, but to administer its virtues. It soothes the skin—allays irritation. It is good in every sense of the word.

VINOLIA

Vinolia Powder, 1*s.*; Vinolia Cream, 1*s.* 1½*d.*
Vinolia Violet Powder, 3*d.*, 6*d.*, & 9*d.*

VO 8.

'Baby's Compliments,

and will Nurse please see that no mistake is made to-night. He really does not enjoy his bath without

Wright's Coal Tar Soap.'

It Protects from all Infection.

with the on-coming linen skirt, is of the tiniest coloured pin-spot white *ninon,* the fold down the centre front stitched with the baby-est coloured buttons, a lace-edged grandfather's frill lending its softening influence to the one side.

Photo *Manuel*

The Coming of the Floral Hat

Floral millinery comes in with the spring, and feathers are superseded by such adornments as the above model, which combines white laburnum with satin rosettes

Another highly successful shirt is built of soft silk, variously tucked and arranged, but always completed by a fine linen Cromwellian collar and black silk cravat, the ends of which, after fashioning a bow at the throat, pass beneath the fronts, to reappear again just above the waist. Then, of course, there is the inevitable hand-embroidered lingerie slip, and these Madame Papillon runs from almost any price, contriving always, at the same time, to maintain the most enviably refined characteristics.

She is having the best success, too, with her bridge coats, one of which has been commandeered by our artist. This is effected in a delightful commingling of ivory chiffon velvet and a new French lace, after the Mauresque character, the fronts opening on a pretty little rounded vest of light gold and silver embroidery, the basque at the back falling in the softest folds, with four points, each one weighted with a silken tassel. Assuredly, Madame Papillon is a personage to be cultivated.

Flowers Ve sus Feathers

With the first breath of spring, an Englishwoman's fancy turns determinedly to floral millinery decoration. Apparently, this outward adornment satisfies some inward craving, and has always hitherto been amiably ministered to by our millinery exponents. But with a Frenchwoman the story is somewhat different, for she, with less taste for simplicity in these matters, is prepared to welcome a continuance of ostrich feathers. It is good news, however, that we are through with the grotesque phase of ostrich plumes, the fresh examples being shorter and thicker, an expression directly influenced by the pudding-basin hats, which are certainly presented in their most attractive guise, massed with plumes at the one side, these accurately measuring the depth from summit of crown to edge of brim.

Myself, I am a good deal fascinated by some mammoth soft satin rosettes, usually in shaded effects, such as mole, toning into mauve, pink into blue—after the hydrangea—while in some instances there are employed strong contrasts.

As an example, take the case of the pictured *chapeau.* Here you have a delicate mauve Tagal straw shape, the front smothered in white laburnum, and at the back one of the closely packed rosettes of the softest satin ribbon, shading from deep purple to an imperceptible pink. And the strings, it will be remarked, catch down the brim at the back in quite an old-world fashion. The model is one of Dalang's.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Berlin Decorations in Honour of the Royal Visit

The beautiful decorations of Messrs. Waring and Gillow's premises Unter den Linden, on the occasion of the King and Queen's visit to Berlin, attracted much attention. In passing, the King, Kaiser, Queen, and Empress were noticed to pay marked attention to the gorgeous decorative scheme, carried out in mimosa, violet, and heliotrope

COURVOISIERS

HAVANETA Perfume

HAVANITA is a most subtle perfume with a characteristic all its own.

Distilled from West Indian flowers, it is a lasting perfume true to all their natural sweetness.

Will irresistibly appeal to the most refined taste as an odour possessing a most fascinating charm.

ADDS A CHARM TO PERSONALITY.

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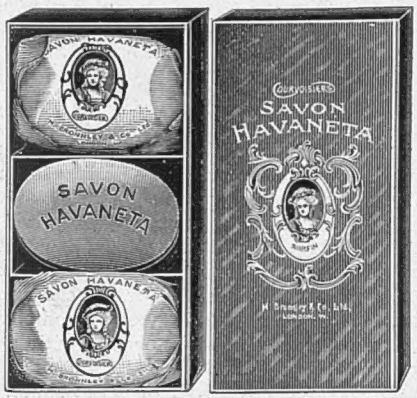

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A Woman's Note Book

Aggressive Virtue

Somebody once remarked that the people who did most harm to virtue were not the bad people, but the dully virtuous, and, allowing for a slight exaggeration, one is bound to feel the force of such a statement. Not only the dull, but likewise the aggressively good, defeat their own ends, and leave the world rather worse than they found it. It would be easy to preach a moral tragedy on good intentions, coupled with unwise methods. I am thinking especially of Mrs. Carrie Nation. No one is more anxious to advocate the virtue of temperance than I, but no one is more keenly alive to the absurdities of Mrs. Nation's campaign. She makes goodness silly, and that is bad enough, but, worse still, she makes it funny. Mrs. Carrie Nation's virtuous young man is a funny person. He is a milksop of the old-fashioned type, the sort of character who might be introduced (in a comedy) as a foil to the more intellectual. Not that I am quarrelling with non-smokers nor with those who practise total abstinence from alcoholic liquors. On the contrary, I greatly honour the strong man or woman who chooses to preach by example; but that cigarettes, or wine, or spirits should be labelled as wrong in themselves, or wrong in moderate use, is an absurdity. That people should be harangued for smoking when they have a perfect right to smoke, or for drinking when they have a perfect right to drink, is an attack on the liberty of the individual. In the case of the notorious Mrs. Carrie Nation, it is the rights of property that are attacked. After all, gentle persuasion can do such great things, and bullying, even if it is only bullying by persuasion, so little in the way of good, and so much in the way of harm, that, without being unduly inhospitable, one cannot help regretting Mrs. Nation's appearance among us.

Sensible Infant Education

The Board of Education has issued an interesting special report in which enlightening comparisons are made between English infant schools and those of some foreign countries. We are bound to own that there are many points in which other nations are ahead of us. For instance, we are told that the child must be sent to French and Belgium schools clean, with well-brushed hair, shoes and stockings in a tidy condition, that its linen must be changed twice weekly, and all this under threat of dismissal. Once again, the rules for children's dinners "are more hygienic than in England," and, best of all to my way of thinking, France and Belgium are leaving out reading, writing, and arithmetic from the curriculum of their infant schools. These dreary and essentially unnecessary subjects (for babies) seem to have the most lovely substitutes, *i.e.*, skipping and ball games, which occupy much of the time and attention of the tiny scholars. At last the healthy, happy, health-giving kindergarten system appears to be gaining ground among all sections of the community.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: SOME FISH RECIPES FOR LENT

Salmon Cutlets and Sauce Tartare

Cut the slices one inch thick, remove the bone, season each slice with pepper and salt, wrap in a sheet of buttered paper, and broil over a clear fire about a quarter of an hour. For the sauce, beat up the yolks of two eggs, and add a pinch of salt, pepper, and a tablespoonful of French vinegar. When well mixed, stir in a teaspoonful of made mustard, and also add a teaspoonful of parsley and a few capers; chop these very small, and put into the sauce.

Fillets of Fish au Gratin

Butter a fireproof dish, sprinkle it with freshly made white breadcrumbs, some finely minced shallot or chives, lay in the fillets, season with pepper and salt, sprinkle with more breadcrumbs, dot some small pieces of butter about, and just before putting the dish into the oven, pour in about half a pint of fish stock and a little white wine. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes.

Scalloped Scallops

These are now in season, and if cooked in the following way are very delicious. Wash the scallops well in two or three waters, trim away the beards, keeping the white, black, and orange-coloured parts. Stew them for about ten minutes, very gently, in milk and water, take them out and mince finely, and mix with them a little salt, pepper, a pinch of cayenne, and a little finely chopped parsley. Make a thick white sauce, and put in the fish, stir over the fire for a second and then turn out into shells, add the squeeze of a lemon and a scrape of nutmeg, strew breadcrumbs thickly over, and, having put pieces of butter on the top of each shell, brown in the oven, and serve very hot.

Fillet of Turbot

Fillet a good thick piece of turbot and set it to marinate (lie in pickle) for two hours in the following mixture: One onion sliced, one carrot sliced, a bouquet garni, pepper, salt, oil, and lemon-juice sufficient to well moisten. Wipe the fish, place it in a stewpan with a little white wine, and cover with a round of buttered paper. Cook slowly in the oven. Meanwhile, fry a chopped shallot in a little oil, add to it three chopped stoned olives, some button mushrooms, and parsley, cover with a glass of sherry, add a piece of glaze, and boil till the moisture has evaporated. Then stir in a gill of white sauce, boil up, skim, dish the fish, pour the sauce over, garnish with cut lemon, and serve.

Pilaff of Cod

This is an excellent way of serving the remains of salt cod as a réchauffé. Well wash a breakfastcupful of rice and put it into a pan with one pint of fish stock, or the liquor in which the cod was boiled (especially if it were boiled in milk), or, if not at hand, water and a pat of butter, and simmer it all gently; when all the liquid has been absorbed by the rice, the latter should be cooked sufficiently, but if it should not be, add a little more butter or broth and cook till each grain is separate and quite cooked. If liked, just before the rice is cooked, add two or three sliced tomatoes. Free the cod from skin and bone, flake it, and heat it with a little butter, and serve the fish on a mound of the rice.

Red Mullet

Wipe each fish quite dry and lay it on a sheet of note-paper, well oiled with salad oil; sprinkle pepper, salt, and a little minced parsley on the fish, add a little lemon-juice, fold up the paper neatly, broil on a gridiron, and serve in the paper.

EMILIA.

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Use only the small quantities of this Corn Flour noted in the recipes, because it goes so far. Cook thoroughly, boiling 10 minutes. All stewed fruits —apples, prunes, figs, etc.— go splendidly with corn flour puddings.

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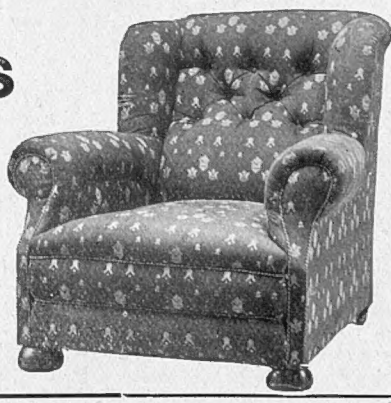

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The Editor's Box

Lyric Theatre

Mr. Lewis Waller revived *Monsieur Beaucaire* last Monday week for a fortnight's run. The play was received with the greatest enthusiasm, the curtain having to be raised many times after each act in response to the loud cheers of the audience. Miss Grace Lane is once more seen as Lady Mary, the part she played at the Comedy in 1903. Next Monday, Mr. Waller will revive *The Three Musketeers* for a limited number of performances.

A Fountain Pen's Popularity

Quite an interesting anniversary was February 12, which marked the first twenty-five years of the existence of the L. E. Waterman Company, the manufacturers of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen. Mr. L. E. Waterman began manufacturing his pens in a small apartment at the rear of a cigar store in New York, and having completed perhaps a dozen or two, he went out and sold them himself. From such a small beginning a great business has grown, which has really meant a revolution in our means of writing. Millions of these pens have been sold, over one million, indeed, in a recent twelvemonth, and there is scarcely a country in the world where the merits of this fountain pen are not known. It is interesting, also, to note that the pen made in 1884 was substantially the same pen as the one made in 1909. Improvements in detail have been added, the finish is, perhaps, more superb, and some parts have been simplified and improved.

A Pretty Song

The difficulty of finding new songs is well known to all singers, both amateur and professional. The output is great, but the choice is exceedingly difficult. Those in this predicament cannot do better than obtain a new song, entitled "A Love Divine." It is written and composed by Nathalie Brandt, and published by Keith, Prowse and Co. The verses are better than the average, and there are no two opinions about the melody. It is exceedingly pretty.

Suburban Attractions

(*With Telephone Numbers*)

CORONET, Notting Hill: Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Benson. 1273 Ken.

FULHAM: *The Early Worm.* 376 Ken.

KENNINGTON: *Pete.* 1004 Hop.

KING'S, Hammersmith: *Havana.* 119 Hammersmith.

MARLBOROUGH, Holloway: *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.* 131 North.

SHAKESPEARE, Clapham: *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.* 41 Battersea.

"Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench"

I have received the 1909 edition of this most useful book of reference. Among the principal features are a complete list of Members of Parliament, with a few lines of information about each; a list of the Counties, Divisions, Universities, etc., returning Members to Parliament; of the Judicial Bench; and much other invaluable information. There are 520 pages, and the edition has been corrected up to the beginning of this month. The book is published at *7s. 6d.* net.

A New Cigarette

Owing to the ever-increasing growth of their business, the Ardath Tobacco Company have been obliged to add a large block of buildings to their already extensive premises in Worship Street. The extension is to be devoted to the manufacture of a new brand of the popular "State Express" cigarette. This new brand is known as "State Express Turkish Leaf No. 1," and is manufactured entirely from Turkish leaf grown in Turkey, large purchases of which have been made by the Ardath Company. I can thoroughly recommend the new cigarette, and the price of *6s.* per 100, when one considers its excellence, is extremely moderate.

The Late M. Catulle Mendès

The photograph of the late M. Catulle Mendès, reproduced in our last issue, was by M. Nadar, and not by the Press Picture Agency, as stated.

"The Green-Room Book"

"The Green-Room Book; or Who's Who on the Stage," for 1909, will make its appearance this month. It is still increasing in bulk. There will be 900 pages of letterpress, we are told. The biographical section of the work alone approaches 550 pages, and includes nearly 2,000 biographies, all of which have been brought up to date. The book will be published, as usual, by T. Sealey Clark and Co., Ltd., 1, Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C., at *6s.* net.

Why be Disfigured by Skin Illness?

These bright spring days show up with merciless precision the spots and blemishes that pass unnoticed in the darker days of winter. To remove these ugly spots and blemishes quickly and permanently becomes our chief desire, and there is nothing that will do this so easily and quickly as "Antexema." The Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W., will be glad to send any reader of THE BYSTANDER a generous free trial of this wonderful skin cure, and with the free trial they will also send a small bottle of "Antexema Granules," which purify the blood and provide the necessary cleansing and tonic elements that the body craves at this season. Be wise and send at once for these free trials, which may be obtained by sending three penny stamps for their useful handbook on "Skin Troubles," which gives valuable information of manifest importance to all who are troubled with their skin.

A Useful Innovation

The Empire Theatre has recently been described as the "Cosmopolitan Club of the World." With every desire to live up to this ideal, and realising that the traveller arriving late in London, or the City man who has been kept late at his office, is unable to find a barber's still open, the management have decided to inaugurate an up-to-date and completely fitted toilet saloon in the theatre.

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